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The Pacific

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

WHOLE No. 1850.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., OCTOBER 26, 1887.

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[For The Pacific.]

BE STRONG AND OF GOOD COURAGE.

BY REV. W. N. MISERVE.

Be strong, courageous, confident;
Resist the subtleties of doubt;
Resistance shuts the tempter out,
For doubt is born of trampler out.

If children of the Heavenly King,
Can dire disaster e'er befall?
The falling of a rod is all,
Upon the faithless underling.

And chastisement is wondrous good,
Thou' savored strong with bitterness;
A dear Evangel come to bless,
Thro' whom God's way is understood.

Dear soul, if God be God indeed,
And promise mark his constant mood,
Then promises are daily food
Fulfilled according to the need.

THE WILLAMETTE ASSOCIATION.

This body held its October meeting with the Albany church on the 18th and 19th. Rev. T. E. Clapp of Portland was chosen Moderator, and Rev. C. F. Wood of Forest Grove Scribe. Only ten churches were represented by pastors or delegates, or both. Eight were not represented, besides two recently organized German churches, which will doubtless soon apply for membership. The Albina church, organized in September, appeared by pastor and delegate, and was cordially welcomed.

The programme prepared by the committee was accepted with slight changes. Its spirit of devotion appeared in the frequent occasion given for these services, and in the two excellent papers which discussed the duties of members to church services and the benefits of the prayer-meeting, together with a pointed sermon by the Moderator, enforcing these topics. The wisdom of so much thought upon this theme seemed providential and inspiring. The presence of the Holy Spirit was manifest in the prompt and fervent prayers, with thanksgivings, at every session.

The benevolences of the churches, as Rev. G. H. Lee's paper showed, had grown from personal, local, voluntary offerings to become seven great missionary societies with their boards of trust, for the more effective extension of Christian service in all its departments and wider fields. We are therefore called to aid every one of these agencies by our intelligent sympathy, prayer, and regular offerings as God prosper us.

Rev. E. Haskell was holding tent-meetings every night in Portland, and could not be present to discuss and enforce the canvass for prohibition. This theme is a live one, and its claims are imperative. Our State is awake to this amendment of its constitution, to be decided by vote on its merits November 8th, free from party politics.

Mr. Gilbert of Salem, who was aware that his avowed purpose to vote for prohibition had cost a boycott of his business of several hundred dollars, would stand firmly for the protection of the home against the saloon.

Rev. J. F. Ellis, President of Pacific University, felt that human plans to get rid of the sale of intoxicating drinks must be made under the guidance of divine wisdom, and, while we speak and vote and do all we can, we must pray God for relief from this terrible curse.

Mr. Steel would not, as a business man and a Christian, advocate a boycott revenge, but, if it were made, it ought to include journals which sustain the whisky traffic.

Rev. G. H. Atkinson said that three classes were aroused against prohibition: First, those who want the license money to pay municipal expenses plea for the saloon, although it is known that its traffic costs the people five dollars and more for every dollar it pays into the public treasury. This plea for the whisky tax is not business wisdom. It has no basis in the balance of accounts. The records of private and public wastage, of crimes, of sufferings, of court trials and executions, of increased police force, of labor losses, of sickness, accidents, illness and deaths caused by the whisky trade scatter all these arguments about its business benefits like chaff before the wind. Yet men gather them up and wildly and passionately iterate them as solid truth. What offset is a license fee of one, five or ten hundred dollars a year against one boy led on to be a drunkard, or one drunkard's ruin, or one home made penniless and miserable by, or one murder and its long-drawn, costly trial of hundreds and thousands of dollars, ending in a sentence for life in the penitentiary, or death on the gallows—all caused by the one act of a drunken man? Yet you say, make the saloon pay a high tax and do this business at an immeasurable percent loss to the public. Your plea is not only unwise but unpatriotic. It is not a plea which an American statesman can make or defend with the facts before him. Second, the politician is aroused against prohibition for fear of losing votes. Third, and chiefly, the manufacturers and wholesalers of intoxicating drinks, who set up and supply the sa-

loons solely for the immense profits of the traffic, stand solid against every form of prohibition, and back their purpose with large sums of money. They count the public a field for their operations, and plant their saloons at every public point of resort. They collect untold revenue from the appetites and passions of the people, which their liquors stimulate and increase. They are in a frenzy of madness upon this idolatry of the wine, beer and whisky traffic for the money there is in it to themselves, not to the people. In the war against this money idol, as against that which upheld slavery so long, and that which upheld the old idolatries named in the Bible, we must, as President Ellis has well said, invoke the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ for divine wisdom and the touch of almighty power to defeat all evil counsels and overthrow this monstrous rum tyranny from our State and nation. He declares and proves himself able to do all things, and remove all obstacles to his kingdom on earth. He is in sympathy with our sufferings and sorrows on this subject. He waits for our united petitions. The rum fiend fears nothing so much as he fears the Lord of Hosts. Under the leadership of our Lord he can and will be conquered, and our people set free.

The subject of the "Diaconate," assigned to Mr. Atkinson, was discussed in its scriptural record, occasion, quality, method, opportunity, immediate and wide-extending results, and immeasurable possibilities for the progress and permanence of the gospel work, if restored to its primitive quality and scope of service. It grew out of the exigencies of the gospel as an integral and living force of its progress and universal sway on earth. The Association approved the ordination of deacons by prayer and the laying on of hands.

An hour, at 2:30 P. M., of the 19th was given to the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies, Mrs. Cooke of Salem President, with Mrs. Lee of Corvallis Secretary. Devotions were conducted by Mrs. Staver, Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Adair. Reports for the year were read and accepted. A letter was read by Mrs. Harris from Mrs. Holbrook, a missionary aided among the Zulus in South Africa. A report of work was made from Mr. Perkins, a missionary in India. A paper was prepared and read by Mrs. Brush of Albany upon mission work in India, past and present, noting its great and cheering results.

Reports were made from the work in Japan and Micronesia. The *Life and Light* was commended for its soul-stirring story of mission service and life, and the friends were invited to take and read this journal, as a means of more intelligent sympathy and co-operation with this cause. The effort is to enlist every church in all our Associations to aid the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions. Five hundred millions of women in heathen lands appeal to Christian women to bring them the gospel of Christ, with its examples of blessings to the persons and homes of women.

The time was all taken, and the essential work of home missions, as the largest factor for the success of that abroad, came indirectly in an admirable paper prepared and read by Miss Adams, lady Principal of the ladies' department of Tualatin Academy and Pacific University, upon the needed Christian education and training of our young ladies. The outline and filling up of this essay gave great emphasis to the value, in this age of the world, of an educated Christian woman for home life and social power in our own country, and far more as a messenger of the gospel of Christ to other nations. It was remarked, with truth, that, as the present facilities of communication give six times more power to a business man than he had forty years ago, so they give six times more power to an educated and trained Christian missionary—male or female. One such Christian man or woman, prepared to do the work at home or abroad, is a matchless argument for the most vigorous prosecution of our home missions to establish churches and Christian schools.

In the evening Dr. Templeton of Portland gave an excellent resume of the origin, growth, work, and hopeful outlook of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, which we hope he will be asked to repeat in every one of our five Associations and at the General Association in Seattle in June, 1888.

Our churches are waking up to the value of this auxiliary, and the need of its wise and prayerful leadership. Several papers were asked for publication in THE PACIFIC. Among items of business the question of a religious paper for our Northwest was reported and discussed. The committee were encouraged to carry out their plan of subscriptions, to avoid debt, if possible, and if not possible, it seemed to be the general judgment of the pastors and delegates that it will be wisest and best to rally, as a body, to the support of THE PACIFIC,

which has done on this Coast such noble Christian and patriotic work during the last thirty-five years, and help to make it, what it deserves to be, the influential Christian journal among all our churches west of the Rocky mountains, which the *Advance* is among those of the interior, and which the *Congregationalist* is among those on the Atlantic Coast.

The Association indorsed the idea of a representative convention, or conference, of all our Pacific Coast churches by pastors and delegates once in four years, to combine our Christian and educational forces, and, by mutual counsel, devise the best methods for their use and increase.

We have gained something by experience. We have made progress, in fact. Grand opportunities and a wider outlook are providentially opening before us.

It seems to be the dictate of the Holy Spirit to unite in the most effective way, under divine guidance, for the largest and most abiding results in the service and kingdom of our Lord for the future populations of the Pacific Coast of our great Republic. It is proposed to have the first of these quadrennials in Oregon, where our first mission work under the American Home Missionary Society began in 1848, forty years ago, and where our first under the A. B. C. F. M. began in 1855, thirty-three years ago. We, of course, must wait the adoption of this plan or idea by the other Associations of Oregon and Washington, Idaho, California, and Arizona, or by their committees authorized to act on subjects of general welfare. If responses are favorable the details of a call and plan can be made, and the time and place named and published in THE PACIFIC.

G. H. ATKINSON.

SYMPATHY WITH NATURE.

BY REV. DR. A. L. STONE.

Beside the throbbing of our hearts to humanity and to each other, in the varied experience through which we pass together, and the varied emotions and demonstrations which such experience excites, making us, in such passages of our life, of the same temperature with our mates, we are so related to the scenes and events of the natural world that our hearts feel and give out a quick responsive sympathy to what thus solicits and attracts our attention. We cannot walk forth amid these visions of nature and exchange salutations with them without feeling that they exert, according to their distinct type, a kindred influence upon our sensibilities and character.

The brightness of a sunny morning diffuses a brightness through the chambers of our spirit, and illumines with hope the path we are to tread in the pilgrimage of the day; while a sky overcast with dense cloudiness shades our face with gloom, and is very likely to canopy our mind in all its outlook with the same dull, discouraging twilight.

The softness of a quiet vale in the landscape, with all its features toned, as though to make the gentlest guest at home, affects each visitor with something of its own sweet tranquillity, and reproduces itself in the chambers of thought and feeling; while the roughness and boldness of a wall of rock lifting itself as though in challenge of wind and thunder and all tempestuous forces, summons us to a corresponding firmness of position and attitude against whatever elemental violence.

The whispering of a gentle breeze, just lifting a leaf here and there, in grove and field, and scarcely moving the locks on our temples and in our neck, calls forth, as we salute one another, or respond to Nature's breath, only a soft expression of peaceful thoughts and pleasant wishes; while the uproar of a boisterous gale, nerves us to brace ourselves against it, and, if we speak, to tax strenuously our vocal chords.

The placid calm of lake or bay when the winds sleep, curling no whiteness on the watery surface, and sending only a slight ripple up the beach, will be met, as we gaze, with an unbroken tranquillity of spirit, upheaving no violence of passion; while the furious roll of crested surges, dashing against walls of rock, or breaking far up the shelving sands, fills our bosom with tempestuous emotion.

So it is that, through all the round of nature, we cannot pass from scene to scene, with wakeful consciousness, without carrying something of their temper and temperament with us, and giving back a corresponding response. We may keep watch, if we will, over these daily lessons, and guard and control our personal development under the ministry of natural elements.

A subscriber writes: "I have taken your paper for two years, and think it the very best paper I read. I never allow one to be torn or burned, but always save them and give them to friends who do not take the paper."

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

President, Miss Lucy M. Fay, 901 Sutter Street, San Francisco.
Treasurer, Mrs. R. E. Cole, 572 Twelfth St., Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. H. E. Jewett, Foreign Secretary, Hopkins Academy, Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. J. H. Warren, 1316 Mason St., San Francisco, and Mrs. I. E. Dwinell, Pacific Theological Seminary, Oakland, Home Secretaries.
Mrs. S. S. Smith, 1704 Geary St., San Francisco, Recording Secretary.
All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace Goodhue, Treasurer, Y. L. B. W. B., 1720 Geary street, S. F.

NOTICE.

The Woman's Board of Missions will hold its monthly meeting in the First Congregational church, Oakland, on Wednesday, November 2d, at 2 P. M.; meeting of Executive Committee at 1 P. M.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE RECORDING SECRETARY.

This is our fourteenth mile-stone. For fourteen years we have come together from our different churches and home circles in one common interest in this work for the Master that we so much love. The past year has been almost a duplicate of the preceding years in its pleasant meetings, in which both the social and spiritual element is fostered, as well as the missionary spirit; in the numbers present; in the missionaries maintained; in the delightful letters from these missionaries; but, as no one day can be exactly the duplicate of any other day, so no one year can be the exact counterpart of any other; each has its own record of thoughts and words and deeds. It is said that no word or deed is ever lost; it is indelible. Then how valuable are these days of retrospection and inspection into these "books of remembrance"! We have held our monthly meetings, as usual, on the first Wednesday, in one of the churches of San Francisco or Oakland—the attendance much the same, averaging fifty. We desire to record God's goodness that, although sickness has come to some of our beloved ones, death has, this year, made no inroads on our circle.

Our last annual meeting was held in the First Congregational church, as usual, September 1, 1886. Seventy-five were present. The Treasurer's report gave us especial joy at this time, as we found, notwithstanding our "unbelieving fears," the money to meet our pledges was all in her hands. The annual reports of the Secretaries were read, also the first annual report of the "Young Ladies' Branch."

Mrs. Richardson read a paper on the "Relation of Foreign Missionary Work to the Christian Life." In October we met, as usual, in connection with the meetings of the General Association, at Woodland. The annual reports of the auxiliaries were presented in a meeting held in the afternoon of October 6th, in the Baptist church, kindly offered to us for this purpose. Twenty-three auxiliaries reported in person, or by letter, including a number of young ladies' societies, and one boys' society—the "Bethany Cadets." A brief address from Miss Fay, and devotional exercises interspersed with the reports, added to the interest of this meeting. As usual, the Association kindly gave us the evening for our public anniversary. The church was filled with a large and appreciative audience, and the choir of the church gave some very fine music, prepared for the occasion. Our President, Secretaries and Treasurer gave their reports in person. General Howard followed with an interesting and familiar talk on the value of foreign missions, from his own personal observation in his travels in foreign lands. Dr. Barrows gave a stirring address, after which a collection was generously taken up for the society, which amounted to sixty dollars. These public anniversary gatherings, although somewhat trying to us from their publicity, have the effect of informing the churches of our work. We expect by these meetings that the ministers and delegates will gather up some enthusiasm with which to aid the work of the women in the auxiliary societies connected with these churches, or to organize such societies where they do not exist.

At our monthly meetings we are occasionally favored by the presence and voice of some of the active missionaries of the American Board, on their return to their native land and home, for needed rest and change, or outward bound, perhaps, with fresh vigor and high hopes, to take the places of those who are compelled to leave their chosen work for awhile. Our city is on the great highway between the East and the West, and it is a joy to us thus to greet the returning, or speed the going missionary on his errand of love. We have no source of inspiration like this; and very keen is our scrutiny of those who, before the world,

leave country, home, and friends for the expressed and only purpose of carrying the story of Jesus from the Blessed Book to those upon whose horizon this great light has hardly dawned. It may be added that this scrutiny is well repaid. Letters from our own missionaries are often read at our meetings, telling of their varied experiences—the shady and the sunny side, for they have both. Just now it is a very shady side that has come upon our missionaries in one of the populous cities of Turkey, where they are compelled to see mothers and little children and strong men wasting from the sore famine which has come upon the people, with inability to relieve but a small part of those who come to them for relief. It is refreshing to look over the columns of figures, under the head of "Relief Fund for Famine in Turkey," in the *last Herald*, and see how the responses come in from so many sympathetic hearts. Are not the lessons of sorrow and trial richer than those of continued prosperity?

In February an especial meeting was held in the First church, Oakland, to listen to the account of the work of the Rev. J. D. Davis, of Japan, from his own lips. His theme was the condition of woman in Japan, as contrasted with that of our own favored land. Miss Julia Gulick, who has also labored in Japan, was present at the March meeting, and gave some interesting items. Mrs. Sturges always has some fresh intelligence to give us concerning the islands of the sea, where she and her honored husband labored for so many years. To-day we mourn with our sister over the removal, by death, of this faithful servant of God, her life-long companion. We pause a moment to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one who will leave behind him years of labor in the Master's service, and, as a monument, the translation of the New Testament into the Ponape language.

But the most important and marked meeting held this year was the farewell meeting with that choice band of consecrated men and women, held in the First church, San Francisco, on the evening of June 23d. That soul must have been dull indeed that did not respond to the uplifting influences of that evening. Dr. H. M. Scudder and wife, after years of labor in this country, succeeding years of labor in mission work in India, now go out to spend their remaining days with a son and daughter in Japan, and it was a rare privilege to hear from the Doctor's own lips of the way in which he had been led to again take up this work in his declining years. He goes out at his own expense, and it is needless to speak of his rare adaptability to the more advanced work which now presents itself in Japan. The other members of the party were Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Albrecht, Mrs. Rendall, Miss Graves and Miss Poole. Each of them spoke a few words to us, which will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to be present. Mrs. Bingham, a name long connected with the missionary history of the Sandwich Islands and Micronesia, was also present, and added her own loving testimony to those who had spoken.

In addition to the living voice and presence of the missionaries, we have the more permanent, though silent, voices that come to us through the printed pages of our missionary journals. These we can take and ponder and study at our leisure, in our own homes. The *Missionary Herald*, now in its eighty-third year, our own *Life and Light*, *Mission Studies*, *Mission Day Spring*, how rich and varied the information they bring us! The *Mission Day Spring* is well adapted to awaken an interest in our own children for the poor, little neglected ones in heathen lands. England and America, the "paradise" for children! What ought they not to do to better the condition of children in lands of ignorance and superstition? The *Mission Studies*, published by the Board of the Interior, is well adapted to those who wish to give more systematic and thorough study to the history of missions. But the *Life and Light*, with its varied and sprightly pages, is, and always will be, our favorite magazine. Miss Fay still continues to edit the pages which are assigned to the Board of the Pacific. Three hundred and fifty copies have been taken on this coast the past year, a gain of ten on last year's subscriptions. Of this 308 are taken in California, 30 in Oregon, 7 in Washington Territory, 4 in Arizona, and 1 in Nevada. The price is but 60 cents a year, and we ought, with the large accession of good Congregationalists in our southern counties, to bring the list up to at least 500. Our own "Column" in THE PACIFIC has been regularly filled the past year, and has been regularly filled the past year, and has been regularly filled the past year.

During these later months the work has been divided among the different secretaries, with an occasional article from our President, each taking a week for some contribution from their respective standpoints. The *Young Ladies' Branch* is, under

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscription, in advance, \$2.50 (which includes postage); if not paid within three months, \$3.00. Please examine the label on your paper, which tells the day of the month of the year to which you have paid; and if in arrears, do not wait to be notified, but remit promptly by money order, registered letter, draft or express to THE PACIFIC, No. 7 Montgomery avenue, San Francisco, P. O. Box 2348. If the paper comes irregularly, or badly printed or folded, send postal card to THE PACIFIC at once.

OUR TREASURY.

We see the fore-gleam of a brighter day, in that our money begins to come in a steady, generous stream, instead of by spasmodic effort at the last of the year. This is as it should be, and perhaps there are few of us who cannot mend our ways in this regard, by beginning at once to lay by, as the Lord hath prospered us, for the work of the next year. Increased membership in our churches should mean increased contributions.

As will be seen by our appropriations, the missions connected with our Board are much the same as in previous years, with the addition of Mr. Perkins' work in India, as will be seen by the figures assumed by the Society a year since.

Zulu Mission—Salary of Mrs. Holbrook, Mapamulo, South Africa, \$450 00
Micronesia—School building at Ruk 500 00
Broosa—Mrs. Baldwin's salary, \$396;
aid to Girls' School (service, fuel, teachers, board of pupils, etc.), \$814
Japan—Miss Gunnison's salary, \$650; rent and repairs of building, \$16.67 668 67
Spain—Aid to school in Spain under care of Mrs. Gulick 500 00
India—Aid to Rev. Mr. Perkins' work, Passanulal, India, 500 00

Total, \$3,826 67

The details of this work, conditions of schools, etc., will be given by our Foreign Secretary.

Of the whole amount raised, the Sunday-schools of the State are supposed to contribute the \$500 for the Micronesia Mission. The "Young Ladies' Branch" have assumed the support of Miss Gunnison, and the "Oregon and Washington Branch" half the salary of Mrs. Holbrook. This Branch is now in vital connection with us, and its annual report was contained in THE PACIFIC of July 20, showing a vigorous growth. We take especial pride in our Young Ladies' Branch, which has lately held its second annual meeting in Bethany church, with (following the example of their seniors) a public anniversary in the evening.

We expect to hear from our Home Secretary of growth both in members and earnestness in our auxiliaries.

We note, in the ample notes of the Woman's Board of Boston and Chicago, frequent mention of thank offerings. Can we not establish a thank offering fund? In the August number of *Life and Light*, the Board of the Interior announces that it has envelopes prepared for these "thank offerings," which will be supplied to any applying for them.

TREASURY NOTES.

Our whole great State, from San Diego to Siskiyou, of which, at the present time, we have no need to boast, as every paper and journal and advertisement is full to repletion of the bigness and grandeur, and beauty and richness of our really beautiful Golden State, that throughout its whole length looks out so placidly on to the blue waters of the Pacific. And we often place the little New England States in disparaging comparison with our own vast commonwealth, saying that nineteen Massachusetts could find ample room in our State, or over thirty Connecticut, and then have room to walk around; but how is it when we look at the benevolent contributions? Comparisons are odious sometimes, and sometimes they are stimulating. For instance, one of the Branches in little Connecticut, the New Haven Branch, around which only three or four counties cluster, reports the past year, over \$10,000, contributed to this our Woman's Board, work alone, and this is only one department of the giving in these States. To the general work of the Board the September number of the *Herald* reports \$5,500 as given to the general work of the Board by the State of Connecticut in July, and Massachusetts will far exceed this. Our great State, in length as long as from Boston to Charleston, is having a "boom." It seems easy to talk of thousands of dollars made in a single day. New blood is being infused into our Southern counties. Good men and true are coming. New churches are being formed, for these immigrants bring their religion with them. Colleges, even, are being established here and there, and there is a wonderful advance in all material things. How is it going to be for this, our chosen work for the Master? Should there not be an advance all along the line, especially that we may keep pace with the marvelous advance in heathen lands? For this we hope to work and pray in the year just before us, and "God will give the increase," and to Him be the glory! *God bless our country!*

Indian Commissioner Atkins says "the rule has been made, and will be rigorously enforced, that no Indian of school age shall be taught to read or write in any language but the English, in any school where pupils are placed under contract with this office." This rule has met with strong opposition from the religious press, and is attracting attention.

DIFFERENT STAGES OF MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE—NO. VI.

It is but natural to suppose that the experiences consequent upon missionary life are different from those met with in any other vocation. For brevity's sake, and in order to divide our theme into certain distinct parts, we shall endeavor to speak of the ideal or romantic stage, the despondent or gloomy stage and the real or right stage of missionary experience. We would not, however, convey by what we shall say, that it is necessary to pass through all these different stages. Some, we are glad to state, never pass through any other than the last, so called the right stage of missionary experience. Some, indeed, pass only through the first two, and never reach the last. These persons are to be pitied, for it will influence their entire after-life and unfit them to do missionary service.

THE ROMANTIC STAGE.

The romantic stage commences while the missionary is still in the home land, and lasts, usually, only so long until he touches his foot upon foreign soil, or until he becomes somewhat acquainted with his situation in a foreign country. Perhaps all missionaries are more or less affected by the romance that is conceived to be connected with missionary life. The biographies of a Brainerd, a Martyn, a Cary, a Livingstone, a Schwartz and an Eliot, have been an inspiration to the young man proposing to enter upon the same work, while the ladies have felt a desire to emulate the spirit of a Mrs. Harriet Newell and a Mrs. Ann Judson. Do these various biographies speak of hardships and trials, say they are longing for the opportunity to suffer in the same cause, and be enrolled among that great band who have given up the world and its pleasures for the sake of the Master and the good of lost souls? There is a glory and an attraction about the work that is not found in any other; thus have they been told and thus are they taught to believe, and so they commence to build religious air-castles and picture to themselves their life among the natives, and the great work that they will do for God; and if one of these mental imaginary pictures could be written upon paper it would read something like this: "Polycarp, Ignatius and Blandina of the early Church all suffered death for the sake of this truth, and why should not I do something to spread abroad this knowledge of a living Saviour among a people that have never heard the glad story? I shall meet with trials and hardships, but what are these compared to the glory of being one of the immortal heroes. I long to fight for the Master. Here, at home, there is no such opportunity as abroad; most of the hearers are either so careless or religiously hardened, that it is difficult to reach the masses. Then, too, more learning is required here in order to rise in the ministry, and my abilities are not of the best type; therefore, if I should remain here I should ever hold an inferior position and not equal my expectations, what I had fondly hoped to do in the world. In the foreign field there is sufficient scope and opportunity to develop my powers and give me a name among the self-denying of the world. The natives to whom I shall go will readily receive the truth, and even if not, it will be a glory to the footsteps of those grand missionary worthies who have given their lives for Christ. It will enroll myself among those who are ready to die for Christ." These are some of the thoughts that pass through the young man as he contemplates offering his services to the missionary cause.

THE IDEAL STAGE.

They are accepted by a missionary society, and the vision becomes a little broader and more extended; the glory of the work impresses itself a little more upon them, and somehow they think they are really quite self-denying; for, on every hand, they hear their name coupled with Christian zeal and self-denial. As the time approaches for their departure they are invited to make addresses, and such is the frequency of these that they feel themselves unlike the rest of mankind; for, from every side, there are those that rise up to do them honor, and praise them for their self-devotion. They do not carry any scars yet from the battles which they have met, but somehow their imagined epaulets sit very handsomely upon their shoulders, as they speak with pride of the land where they hope to labor. At last the day comes for the good-byes, but they have entered the role of heroes, and the burning tears are easily brushed away. As the steamer leaves the wharf the memory lingers a moment with the loved ones left behind, but it is not long before the vision of the new mission field rises again up to view. Oh, how fancy and imagination carries them (especially the lady) to the rude hovel in which they are to dwell! Then they set to work and imagine how they will arrange their things, so as to give the best and most home-like appearance to their humble home. Oh, how eager they are to get hold of the first word of the language—far more so than they are in after years, when they find that the ladder can never be scaled, and there is always some mounting remaining to be done. The steamer goes far too slow for them; they would leap the broad ocean at one bound, and plant themselves in the midst of a group of natives, and commence to tell them about Jesus, who died for them, but the steamer is obstinate and will only make fifteen knots an hour. Finally, however, they land, and, as they step their feet upon the

shore where their future home is to be, they are filled with exultant joy, and, in the enthusiasm of their hope, take possession of the land in the name of the King of Kings, just as if no one had ever preceded them, and felt the same thoughts. The little thatched cottage, they are pleasantly surprised to find, has no existence; yet, to some extent, this is a disappointment; for how often they had imagined of writing home and describing it! As soon as they know a few words of the language they begin to tell the story of the Cross to the natives, thinking that they must accept it without reservation. Some imagine that they convey the idea of the true God to the natives by occult signs, and so they use their hands and eyes to accomplish their purpose. This, then, is what may be called the ideal stage, in which no reverses have been met, and fancy has been chiefly at work. Perhaps the picture has been overdrawn a little, yet it is in the main true to life, as many missionaries could testify from their own experience.

THE DESPONDENT STAGE.

Now, however, the vision is about to fade away, and in its place arises a specter, hideous and uncomely. It is the specter of disappointment, and the bright, fanciful visions of early days are fast disappearing, until the sanguine hopes that they had formed have all vanished, and the night of gloom settles upon them. What is the difficulty? They imagined what was not to be found in reality. Ah, they can see now wherein they were mistaken! And thus follows the despondent stage—and it is well if the heart possesses grace enough not to remain there long. But in what does this despondent state consist, or why have the bright hopes of former days so quickly vanished? Because they find that their ideas of missionary life must undergo an entire change; and their disappointment is not found in the houses in which they are obliged to live. Ah, no! They had prepared themselves for worse household accommodations. The dwellings where they live are quite as good as those at home, and the home comforts are equally as great. They are, also, not obliged to live upon native fare, as they, perhaps, had anticipated, but can secure provisions very similar to those which are eaten at home. They may not even be obliged to dress themselves in the dress of the natives, but can retain their former clothing, to which they are accustomed. In all these particulars, they are even better provided than they had anticipated. But, where does the chief difficulty lie? It lies in their reception by the natives; they may have had fanciful ideal ideas about a hundred minor things, yet, they really and earnestly hoped that the message they brought to the heathen would be more acceptable to them than it is. At last, they see that the natives are not particularly anxious for a new religion, and take no pains to conceal this fact. They had prepared themselves to endure persecution and even martyrdom, but, for the contemptible manner in which they are treated by the natives, they were unprepared. The work now unfolds itself in its real nature to them, and they begin to feel the arduous task which is before them. Hitherto, they have received words of encouragement by their friends, but now they must face a people who regard them as barbarians and worse heathens than themselves. Their teaching, though they bring it direct from the Book of books, falls upon listless ears; perhaps, the sneering laugh is heard, as, in their half-broken sentences, they tell them of a Saviour from sin, followed by the words, "And what will this foreign barbarian say?" Again, the people show all the marks of their depraved nature in their association with you. They will deceive where you had hoped to find truth; they will steal where you had hoped to find them honest; they will tell falsehoods where you had expected to find them speaking the truth; they will commit numberless little offenses that are difficult for you to overlook. Even the native Christians are found often at fault, and there is imperfection about all that is seen of missionary endeavors. It is while the mind passes through such experiences as these that it becomes discouraged and despondent. There are other minor causes that may produce the same effect; but this is, at least, the greatest and the one most difficult to bear. And how shall these our friends come out of this despondent state? Some, indeed, do not come out of it, and toil for a number of years on the missionary ground merely because it seems to be their duty to remain at their post for a short period; others soon leave for the homeland, sadly discouraged, and, in many instances, with no good words for the missionary or his converts.

THE REAL OR RIGHT STAGE.

But, there is a way out of this dark labyrinth of spiritual despondency; but there must be a change of ideas upon the whole subject of missions, and one of the first lessons to be learned is that you are the servant of Christ, and that whatever falls to your lot must be borne with the patience and forbearance of a Christian. The idea to do great things must also be changed into the willingness to do the least thing for Christ, however humble and lowly that may be. You will learn that your service is not so much to be performed for man, but for Jesus Christ. If the gospel, as it falls from your lips, is not received, you will not be discouraged nor disheartened by it, for now you are serving Christ, and not some society or self. With the weaknesses of the natives you will bear, remembering that you yourself do not live up to your priv-

ileges, and in the sight of God are, perhaps, a greater sinner than those who have such low conceptions of right and wrong. You will realize in the daily routine of work God's method of dealing with your own soul, in chastening it and purging it from all impurity. And, looking at these different points, you will pass from your state of despondency into one of peaceful rest and serene joy. You will feel as much as ever the cruel taunts of the natives, their want of appreciation of your efforts will wound you still, but you will have learned to bear them all. Whether your labors are seemingly unblest or receive the greatest token of approval from God, it will all be the same, for you have learned to wait upon God and to lip the sweet "Thy will be done." Thus will you have attained unto this real and right stage of missionary experience, when the spectacles which you wear will not, on the one hand, enlarge the things seen too much and color them with roseate hues, nor, on the other hand, discolor them to such an extent that you can no longer see souls, whom God loves, dwelling in the bodies of those beings whom you are trying to lift physically, mentally and spiritually; but you will see things and men as they are, and gather up the lessons that God has for you to learn, in patient and humble thanksgiving to the bountiful Giver of all your joys and the privilege of suffering for Him.

You no longer think of speedy conquests, nor will the illusive hopes of former years be yours, as you turn to your work with new and other purposes. You have not lost faith in the final result, but you are willing to leave the intermediate steps with God. More than ever the truth will grow into your soul that the kingdom of Christ must conquer, though you may only have a small share in effecting that glorious end. While others are detailing the weaknesses and shortcomings of the native converts, and give expressing to sneering epithets, you will quietly place your finger upon the promise, "Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession," and, with the upturned eye of faith, exclaim, "O Lord, this is thy word, which cannot be destroyed." C. R. HAGER.

RARE COMPANY IN HEAVEN.

What a place to visit in, where your next-door neighbors are kings and queens, you yourselves kingly and queenly! If they want to know more particularly about the first paradise, they have only to go over and ask Adam. If they want to know how the sun and moon halted, they have only to go over and ask Joshua. If they want to know how the storm pelted Sodom, they have only to go over and ask Lot. If they want to know more about the arrogance of Haman, they have only to go over and ask Mordecai. If they want to know how the Red Sea boiled when it was cloven, they have only to go over and ask Moses. If they want to know the particulars about the Bethlehem advent, they have only to go over and ask the serenading angels who stood that Christmas night in the balconies of crystal. If they want to know more of the particulars of the crucifixion, they have only to go over and ask those who were personal spectators, while the mountains crouched and the heavens got black in the face at the spectacle. If they want to know more about the sufferings of the Scotch Covenanters, they have only to go over and ask Andrew Melville. If they want to know more about the old-time revivals, they have only to go over and ask Whitefield, and Wesley, and Livingston, and Fletcher, and Nettleton, and Finney. Oh, what a place to visit in!

If eternally were one minute shorter, it would not be long enough for such sociality. Think of our friends who, in this world, were passionately fond of flowers, turned into paradise! Think of our friends who were very fond of raising superb fruit turned into the orchard where each tree has twelve kinds of fruit all the year round!

What are our departed Christian friends doing in heaven, those who, on earth, found their chief joy in the gospel ministry? They are visiting their old congregations.

Most of those ministers have got their people around them already. When I get to heaven—as by the grace of God I am destined to go to that place—I will come and see you all. Yes, I will come to all the people to whom I have administered in the gospel, and to the millions of souls to whom, through the kindness of the printing-press, I am permitted to preach every week in this land and in other lands—letters coming from New Zealand and Australia and uppermost parts of the earth, as well as from near nations, telling me of the souls I have helped—I will visit them all. I give them fair notice. Our departed friends of the ministry are engaged in that delectable entertainment now.—Tulmaga.

Mrs. Susanna M. Salter, Mayor of Argonia City, Sumner County, Kansas, was elected to that office by more than double the votes cast for her male competitor. As Mayor she presides over the public sessions of the City Council, and is said to be an excellent public officer as well as a devoted wife and mother. She is the wife of Mr. L. A. Salter, a lawyer and a land dealer. She was educated at the Kansas State Agricultural College. Her predecessor as Mayor of Argonia was her father, Mrs. Salter never sought office, nor would she shrink from the duties to which she was unexpectedly called.

[For The Pacific.]

AT ALOATRAZ.

A long bright day close to the sea,
With rest as even nears,
While Nature's heart beats audibly,
And he who listens hears.
Myriads of Old Ocean's shells—
His gift to Brother Land—
Brought in by every wave that swells,
Are strewn upon the sand.
Each little house with fragile walls,
Built for some creature's need,
Is a sweet voice that softly calls,
"In Nature's volume read!"
And the Golden Gate shines wondrous fair—
Gate to a land heaven-blessed,
Grateful, I whisper here my prayer:
"Thank God for our beautiful West!"
ADAM FAIRBANKS BATELLE.

WHY WOMEN ARE ALWAYS TIRED.

It is the common thing nowadays to talk of all men and women who work as being overworked and always tired, and always needing "rest." Why don't they take it? Because people do not even want rest unless it costs a good deal of money. An old-fashioned rest, in a rocking-chair, with the doors closed and the windows open, does not suit modern ailments. You must go a long way and take an infinite amount of trouble to get proper and suitable rest, a sort of rest *a la mode*, and then you are supposed to be ready to rush again into the thickest of the fight, and meet and conquer every obstacle. Why there are fights, and why there are obstacles, is not explainable. Life is supposed to be easier from the household point of view than formerly—why it is not has not yet been discovered. A great deal of breath has been expended in showing how and why living has been made easy, but the fact still remains that people take it harder than ever, and die of it with less provocation.

One of the reasons suggested itself the other day, when a cloth dress for traveling was sent home. It was for a "tired" woman, and it weighed at least fifty pounds. It was of heavy serge, and it had two skirts, one laid in plaits and weighted with "Hercules" braid, and the other laid in close, abundant folds over a thick quilted "mattress" and two broad steel rails. The sleeves and band at the throat were so tight that it was a question of strangulation, and the burden of carrying the weight of wool enough to appall a strong man. It might be supposed that women could or would exercise some control over their own clothing, but they cannot unless they make it themselves; the powers that be are obdurate, and insist that you must carry their reputation for drapery or tounure "style" upon your back, whether it is equal to the strain or not. How delightful the rocking-chair and the straight, cool dress of linen or lawn seem in retrospect. Perhaps they still exist in remote districts. If they do, let us advise the possessors to make much of them.—Jennie June.

A STEP BETWEEN YOU AND HEAVEN.

I shall never forget one summer afternoon, when I was preaching in a village chapel about the joys of heaven, that an elderly lady sitting on my right kept looking to me with intense delight. Some people's eyes greatly help the preacher. A telegraph goes on between us. She seemed to say to me: "Bless God for that! How I am enjoying it!" She kept drinking in the truth, and I poured out more and more precious things about the eternal kingdom and the sight of the Well-Beloved, till I saw what I thought was a strange light pass over her face. I went on, and those eyes were still fixed on me. She sat still as a marble figure, and I stopped, and said: "Friends, I think that you sister over there is dead." They said that it was even so, and they bore her away. She had gone. While I was telling of heaven she had gone there; and I remember saying that I wished it had been my case as well as hers. It was better not, perhaps, for many reasons; but, oh! how I did envy her! I am always looking for the day when I shall see her again. I shall know those eyes. I am sure I shall. I shall recollect that face, if, in heaven, she is anything like what she was here, or bears any mark of identification. I shall not forget that inward fellowship which existed between a soul that stood with wings outspread for glory and the poor preacher who was trying to talk of that which he knew but little of compared with her. Well, well, it will soon be my turn. Good-night, poor world! It will soon be your turn, and then you shall say, "Good-night." Let us meet in glory, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.—Spurgeon.

CHRIST'S TENDERNESS.

Jesus not only taught the world tenderness toward the bruised and stricken by precept, but the example of his life shows us that he carried the burdens of others, and in this was his chief exaltation. "He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs." We shall find our burden of sorrow lifted only as, and when, we seek to help others bear their sorrows. The Scriptures declare that "he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." The Lord Jesus was made wise by tears. A devout German theologian has said: "If Jesus the Christ had never rendered any other service than to teach humanity that it was noble to weep, he must, for this service, be considered one of the world's greatest benefactors." That "Jesus wept" is the crowning evidence

of his humanity and one of the chief ornaments of his divinity. Don't you trust the man who boasts that he never weeps. Such cold, calculating natures will bear watching. The Psalmist prays: "Put thou my tears into thy bottle; are they not in thy book?" Some of you are in the possession of your reason this hour, because, when under great pressure of grief, your silent sorrow was relieved by the opening of the fountain of tears. We are told by Paul to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." And Jesus said, "Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh."—Dr. James M. King.

SKEPTICISM FROM THE PULPIT.

An unfavorable, and, from a human view-point, a very discouraging one, of the present religious condition and future religious prospects of England is expressed by Mr. Spurgeon, who has never been supposed to possess a prejudice capable of distorting his vision. He expresses the opinion that, as Germany became skeptical and infidel by the influence of her preachers, so England is fast becoming under the influence of her professedly religious teachers. He supports his assertion by the declaration that attendance upon religious worship on the Sabbath has declined to such an extent that churches capable of seating large congregations are now attended by a small number of people, and that the old and hopeful reverence for holy things is rapidly disappearing. These results he attributes to the undiluted skepticism which has been scattered from the pulpits, and has produced its fruit among the people, the preachers, perhaps, never intending to do the evil which they have done by the promulgation of a new theology, and which they never can undo. The places which the preaching of the old gospel filled, the preaching of the new has emptied. This is certainly a dark picture. It would be discouraging if the Church of Christ had not emerged from darker clouds, "terrible as an army with banners." Mr. Spurgeon's sources of information are ample; he is not apt to speak unadvisedly, and we must accept his statements until they are contradicted upon reliable authority, as we hope they can be.—Interior.

When one in old age is, in the providence of God, stripped of all his near kindred, so that he has no child or wife to be his companion or comforter, his life becomes a social wreck. How much such a man needs those consolations and comforts which God only can impart! No being but God can meet the deeply felt wants of his soul.

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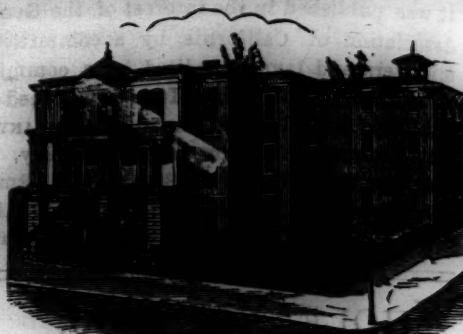
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Home Circle.

THE BABY'S DILEMMA.

My four-year-old baby sat on my lap
In the dusk of the fading day;
So helpless he seemed as he nestled there,
So dependent on mother and mother-care,
That I asked, as I kissed the golden head,
"What would you do, dear, if mamma were dead?"

The eyes met mine with a steadfast look,
That showed neither sadness nor fear;
The lips still smiled in a careless way,
As though my death were a new-found play;
Not a tear in eye or voice as he said,
"I would live wiv gramma if you was dead."

"But gramma is old and feeble, you know,
And not able to care for you;
You couldn't stay there." The face grew
grave.

One quick, scared look at my face he gave;
Then, still half-defiant, he slowly said,
"I could live wiv auntie if you was dead."

"But auntie has boys of her own, you know,
And she wouldn't want any more.
No, you couldn't live there." The brown
eyes fell;
Life looks pretty gloomy just now. But still,
With a quiver of lip and chin, he said,
"Touldn't I live wiv Uncle Tom if you was
dead?"

"Uncle Tom has no wife or home, you know,
And a man couldn't care for you."
The little breast heaved with its weight of
woe—

Was there nowhere, then, for a boy to go?
And he sobbed, as his arms round my neck
he threw,
"I want to die and go wiv you."

Good Housekeeping.

THE DEACON'S STORY.

"Yes," said the Deacon, "there's many a man that calls himself honest that's never so much as inquired what amount of debts heaven's books are going to show against him. I've learned that. There were years in my life when I hardly gave a cent to the Lord without begrudging it, and I've wondered since what I'd ever have talked of if I'd gone to heaven in those days, for I couldn't talk about anything but bargains and money-getting here, and these would not have been suitable subjects yonder."

"I knew I read once about one of the kings of England, Edward I, who had an officer called the lord high almoner, and one of the things that man had to do was to remind the king of the duty of alms-giving." I've thought to myself many a time that it would be well for a good many folks nowadays if they had King Edward's almoner to stir them up to give. Not to the poor only, I mean, but to all the needs of the cause of Christ. There are lots of people besides the children of Israel that need a Moses to say to them, 'It is He that giveth thee power to get wealth.' I've allers thought that that was a grand thing in David, when he'd done such a job, getting together that pile of gold and silver for the temple, and he just turned to the Lord, and said, 'All these things come from thee, and of thine own have we given thee.' Most men would have wanted a little credit for the pains they'd taken themselves."

"Well, in those years I was telling you about, it was dreadful how I cheated the Lord out of his due. Once in a long while I paid a little to our church, but I didn't give a cent to anything else. Foreign Mission Sabbath was my rheumatism day, reg'lar, and I didn't go to church. Home Mission day was headache day with me allers, and I stayed away from meetin'. Bible Society day I'd gen'rally a tech of neuralgy, so I didn't feel like goin' out, and I stayed at home. Tract Society day I'd begin to be afraid I was goin' to be deaf, and I oughtn't to be out in the wind, so I stayed indoors; and on the Sabbath for helpin' the Publication Society, like as not, my corns were unusually troublesome, and I didn't feel able to get out."

"Wife wanted to take a religious paper once, but I wouldn't hear to't. Told her that was nonsense. I didn't believe any of the apostles ever took religious papers. The Bible was enough for them, and it ought to be for other folks."

"And yet I never even thought I wasn't doin' right. I'd come into it sort o' gradual, and I didn't think much about givin' anyhow, except as a sort o' losing business."

"Well, my little girl, Nannie, was about 8 years old then, and I was dreadfully proud of her, for she was a very smart little thing. One Sabbath night we were sittin' by the fire, and Nannie'd been saying her catechism, and by and by she got kind o' quiet and sober, and all of a sudden she turned to me, and says she:

"Pa, will we have to pay rent in heaven?"

"What?" says I, looking down at her kind o' astonished like.

"Will we have to pay rent in heaven?" says she again.

"Why, no," says I. "What made you think of that?"

"Well, I couldn't get out of her for a time what she did mean. Nannie didn't know much about rent, anyway, for we'd never had to pay any, livin' in our own house; but at last I found out that she'd heard some men talking about me, and one of them said: 'Well, he's bound to be awful poor in the next world, I reckon. There ain't much of his riches laid up in heaven'; and as the only really poor folks that Nannie'd ever known were some folks down at the village that had been turned out of doors because they couldn't pay their rent, that's what put it into Nannie's head that maybe I'd have to pay rent in heaven."

"Well, wife went on, and talked to Nannie, and explained to her about the 'mange mansions' in our 'Father's house,' you know, but I didn't listen much. I was mad to think Seth Brown dared to

talk about me in that way, right before Nannie, too.

"I fixed up some bitter things to say to Seth the next time I met him, and I was not very sorry to see him the next day in his cart. I began at him right off. He listened to everything I sputtered out, and then he said: 'Well, Deacon, if you think the bank of heaven's got anything in it for you, I'm glad of it; but I've never seen you making any deposits,' and then he drove off."

"Well, I walked over to my blackberry patch, and sat down and thought, and the more I thought the worse I felt. I was angry at first, but I got cooler, and I thought of Foreign Mission Sabbath and the headache, and Bible Society day and the neuralgy, and Tract day and the corns, till it just seemed to me I couldn't stand it any longer, and I knelt down there in the blackberry patch, and said: 'O Lord, I've been a stingy man, if ever there was one; and if ever I do get to heaven I deserve to pay rent, sure enough. Help me to give myself, and whatever I've got, back to thee!' And I believe he's helped me ever since. 'Twas pretty hard work at first, getting to giving. I did feel pretty sore over that first dollar I slipped into the collection-plate, but I've learned better now; and I mean to keep on giving, 'as unto the Lord,' till I go to that heaven where Nannie's been these twenty years."—*Congregationalist*.

MUSIC.

I remark again, that all our departed Christian friends who in this world were passionately fond of music are still regaling that taste in the world celestial. The Bible says so much about the music of heaven that it cannot all be figurative. The Bible over and over again speaks of the songs of heaven. If heaven had no songs of its own a vast number of those of earth would have been taken up by the earthly emigrants. Surely, the Christian at death does not lose his memory. Then there must be millions of souls in heaven who know "Coronation," and "Antioch," and "Mount Pisgah," and "Old Hundred." The leader of the eternal orchestra need only once tap his baton and all heaven will be ready for the hallelujah.

Cannot the soul sing? How often we compliment some exquisite singer by saying, "There was so much soul in her music." In heaven it will be all soul, until the body, after awhile, comes up in the resurrection, and then there will be an additional heaven. Cannot the soul hear? If it can hear, then it can hear music. Do not, therefore, let it be in your household when some member leaves for heaven, as it is in some households, that you close the piano and unstring the harp for two years, because the fingers that used to play on them are still. You must remember that they have better instruments of music where they are.

You ask me, "Do they have real harps and real trumpets and real organs?" I do not know. Some wisecracks say positively there are no sure things in heaven. I do not know, but I should not be surprised if the God who made all the mountains and all the hills and all the forest and all the metals of the earth and all the growths of the universe—I should not be surprised if he could, if he had a mind to, make a few harps and trumpets and organs.

Grand old Haydn, sick and worn out, was carried for the last time into the music hall, and there he heard his own oratorio of the "Creation." History says that as the orchestra came to that famous passage, "Let there be light!" the whole audience arose and cheered, and Haydn waved his hand toward heaven, and said: "It comes from there." Overwhelmed with his own music, he was carried out in his chair, and, as he came to the door, he spread his hand toward the orchestra as in benediction. Haydn was right when he waved his hand toward heaven and said, "It comes from there."

Music was born in heaven, and it will ever have its highest throne in heaven; and I want you to understand that our departed friends, who were passionately fond of music here, are now at the headquarters of harmony. I think that the grand old church tunes that died when your grandfathers died have gone to heaven with them.—*Talmage*.

ZEAL LACKING.

Among the many symptoms of decline in individual Christian and church life that come under our observation, is the lack of steady persistency in service for God, coupled with burning zeal. In the ministry there is a certain regularity of service. Sermons are prepared and preached, prayer-meetings are attended, to be sure, nor do we mean to imply that these services are done in a perfunctory way; but, unless the soul of the minister is kept hot with constant and living communion with the Great Master Workman, there is danger that service will become formal rather than really zealous.

Without doubt, there is a general lassitude in the name of the Lord. It does not require close observation to detect the difference in the spirit and methods of work as between the private and secular enterprises which engage the attention and employ the energies of Christian men and the work of the Lord. In the one case there is energy, foresight, close attention, alertness and persistency of effort; in the other, there is indolence, bordering on reluctance, a strange lack of foresight (and not even a good "hindsight"), much inattention and remittent effort.—*Independent*.

JOURNEY OF LIFE.

No one passes through the journey of this life, though it be but of moderate length, without losing kindred and friends by death, whom he tenderly loved when living, and continues to love long after they are gone. If one lives to an advanced age, he usually has a far greater number of such friends in the next world than he has in this. Death sweeps them away, and sometimes he is left almost alone in respect to the cherished companionships of his early life. To these loved ones, dead, he can render no service, and so far as we know, from them receive none. He may think of them, but he can do nothing for them; they are entirely beyond the reach of his action. He can speak no kind word to them, and give them no good advice. He can make no sacrifices to promote their joys. The lesson to be learned from this fact is that we should act toward our kindred and friends while they are living as we, if surviving them, will wish we had acted when they are sleeping in the grave.

Let the husband and the wife so treat each other, while they hold this relation, that the death of neither will give the other any occasion for regret on account of misconduct. Let parents and children, brothers and sisters, friends intimately associated, and, indeed, all men, observe the same rule, and this certainly would be a much happier world. The rule would lessen the number of family quarrels, and make life more serene and more like heaven. Few hard speeches would pass between men. Gentleness and kindness would be the law of human action.

We once heard a man, who had just lost a most excellent wife, say: "I am now sincerely sorry for every unkind word I ever spoke to that woman. I wish I could tell her so, and in some way, receive from her the expression of her forgiveness. I would give \$20,000 if I could thereby blot out all such words." We have no doubt that just this sort of feeling has penetrated many a bosom. The way to avoid it is to so act towards others that there will be no occasion for it when they are dead and gone.—*The Independent*.

A GAMBLER'S EXPERIENCE.

The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* publishes the following incident, related by Mr. Graham of the City Council to some friends the other day:

"That recalls my gambling days," interjected John H. Graham of the Thirtieth Ward. Every one looked upon the patriarchal member in surprise. They had always regarded him as a man of the most exemplary habits; not one had ever dreamed that he was addicted to gambling, or any other vice.

"Yes," he continued, "I was a great gambler once. I'll tell you all about it: Years ago, when I was a youngster, I saved up penny after penny until I had a dollar, so that I could go to Bush Hill. There was to be a great time there. If I remember rightly it was on a Fourth of July. On the road, near the scene of the festivities, I came across a man with a thimble-rig, surrounded by a crowd. 'Try your luck, gentlemen!' shouted the man with the rig. 'It only costs a dollar, and see what you get. Fifty dollars to any one who tells which cup the sponge is under.' He had three ordinary tea-cups on a board before him, and, as he spoke, he skillfully put the sponge under one of them. Gentleman, if I had had a thousand dollars I would have done just the same; for I was certain that I knew which cup the sponge was under. As it was I only had a dollar, so I paid that over as quickly as possible, and pointed to the cup I had been watching. The man raised it. There was nothing there. Sick at heart, disgusted, and penniless, I walked all the way home, without having had even a glimpse of the merry-making. Gentlemen, that was my first and last experience as a gambler."

It would have been well if all addicted to gambling had had a similar experience at their first attempt.

WHAT THE BLUE RIBBON COST.

Years ago in London, Mr. Frederick Carrington, son of a very wealthy brewer, was converted. His father had lavished on him every indulgence, and had given him a share in the business, which was a fortune. After his conversion the young man engaged in Christian work among the neglected of the east end of London. But it was gradually forced on him that the most potent and fruitful source of evil among the poor and wretched was the gin-shops and beer-houses. One night, as he passed to his work heavy in heart by reason of the sights and sounds of woe and wickedness, his eye was drawn to a flaunting beer-shop, over the door of which was the sign, "Carrington & Co.'s Entire." From that moment he determined on his course. He went to his father and told him that he could no longer be in the firm. At a latter day some one casually asked him "what his blue ribbon cost him." He replied, "Fourteen thousand pounds a year," or \$70,000.

"Yes," said the new pastor, "you have a very fine auditorium, and the pulpit is artistic, both in conception and workmanship. So far, so good; and with a stage properly fitted up in the chapel, and a good dancing-floor, and the proper cooking materials, I don't see why we may not make this a thriving, wide-awake church, and accomplish no end of good."

Household.

HOUSE-CLEANING MADE EASY.—In this season of general upturning and house-cleaning, it may not be amiss to remember that ammonia in water cleanses glass and paint much better than soap does; that it sometimes costs less to have a badly soiled room repainted after a moderate use of the mop and brush than it does to have it scrubbed and scoured, to say nothing of the expenditure of strength; that salt and vinegar brightens brasses as well as any more modern and expensive notions; that a small bag of charcoal hung in a rain-water barrel purifies it perfectly; that plaster busts and statuettes may be cleaned, when it is not desired to paint them, by dipping them into thick liquid starch and drying, and when the starch is brushed off the dirt is brushed off with it; that it is a good plan to go over the bedsteads before beginning any of the cleaning, as delay in these days when the sun has become strong is apt to increase the trouble there; that it is wise to open the campaign at the top of the house and in the unused rooms, and to give less confusion and prominence to the affair; that, on reaching their breeding haunts at the bottom of the house, powdered borax mixed with a little powdered sugar and scattered about in spots will prove certain death to cockroaches and to ants, and if that is not handy a few drops of spirits of turpentine sprinkled here and there will be as effective in the case of these nuisances as it is in the case of moths.—*Harper's Bazar*.

FAINTING—HOW TO BE TREATED.—If, from any cause, whether a sudden shock of grief or fright, or from loss of blood, a person faints, lay her flat on her back, and do not raise her head. Fainting comes from the blood not passing through the brain, and is, of course, more likely to continue while she is in the upright position, and while the head is high. Do not mingle in your mind severe cases of fainting with apoplexy. In these the face is red or purple, and they arise from too large a quantity of blood in the brain. Therefore, when a person becomes insensible with the face pale, keep the head low; when with face red, keep the head high. There is another point with regard to fainting which you should observe. You know that when a woman falls into this state, it is the common practice to sprinkle her with cold water, and it is a very good plan if it be not carried too far. If, however, the face, bosom and hands become cold, that very condition will prevent her recovering; therefore, when this occurs, the cold should be changed for warm applications, such as heated flannels, etc., for sudden changes of temperature will have the proper effect much better than the continued application of either one or the other.—*Barwell's Care of the Sick*.

RHUBARB MERINGUE.—A section of this pie was set before us the other day with the remark that the recipe ought to be given in the "Interests." A memorandum of the ingredients was made at once, as follows: Stew rhubarb in just as little water as will cook it thoroughly. When done, whip it until very light with a Dover egg-beater. To one cup of the whipped rhubarb add one cup of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of flour, and the yolks of two eggs beaten together until light. Stir all thoroughly together and bake in an open crust. When done, add a meringue to the top made of the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth with a tablespoonful of sugar lightly beaten in at the last. Spread over the top of the pie, and return to the oven for a moment to brown.

There is very little expense attending the raising of turkeys after they are a couple of months old until a few weeks before Thanksgiving. Those intended for early market need no housing particularly; they are hardy, love the open air, and are content with a roosting-place on the branches of trees, or on sheds or fences, in any kind of weather. The Bronze variety is confessedly superior to the other varieties, in a pecuniary point of view, without speaking of their grand appearance about the yards, lawns or fields. At maturity they will almost double in weight the common kinds.—*Poultry Monthly*.

STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM.—This is a most delicate and easily prepared summer dessert, especially convenient to make when cream is plenty. Pick over two and a half pounds of strawberries, and squeeze them through a colander; to the juice add six ounces of sugar, and when the sugar is dissolved add half a box of gelatine, previously soaked for an hour or more in a little water near the fire, or until entirely dissolved. Set this on ice, and stir until it begins to set; then beat in a pint of whipped cream; put the whole into a mold; when firm, turn it out and garnish with fresh strawberries.

It was said of Lord Kenyon that he would sometimes get excessively angry while holding court, and make a sad exhibition of himself. One day old George III said to him at court: "My Lord, I am told you lost your temper yesterday. I was very glad to hear it, and I hope you will be able to find a better one."

All the good things of this world are no further good than as they are of use; and whatever we may heap up to give to others we enjoy only as much as we can use, and no more.—*Defoe*.

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1887.

When we consider what has occurred in the Caroline Islands, and what has been recently attempted in Samoa by the Germans, and when we call to mind the doings of the French in Hawaii and elsewhere in former years, it is natural to ask: What have we to say? what is our Government going to do about it? are we to look on idly, and see European fleets roving the ocean nearest us and seeking what they may devour? Have we no policies, interests, rights? Is it nothing to us what heresies, political and other, get lodged in these sea islands at our feet—to say nothing of possible perils and spoliation? Ah, if the other man were now at the head of affairs, would these German and other cruisers and warships go molesting the peace of the island-world without remonstrance, not to say resistance? Oh, for a man with his eyes in his head, and a policy in his brain, and a person not too beefy! We want a policy. We want it understood that the eastern half of the Pacific Ocean belong to us, or is in our keeping, and is virtually, if not formally, under one protection, and guaranteed our liberties. The Pacific Ocean—the eastern half of it—is open to the world's commerce, of course, but not open to the world's invasion. God's providence has cast our shadow over it, for its good, and we must forcibly suggest that other nations shall respect our nearness and our claims.

By vote of the General Association at Sacramento, Professor Moor was appointed custodian of documents, papers, and other memoranda pertaining to the story of our ministers and churches, the place of keeping being the library of the Seminary. Brethren in possession, or able to obtain possession, of such memoranda in manuscript or print will confer a favor by consigning them to the custodian. The object is obvious. Such reminiscences as were given at Sacramento were suggestive of the fact that the years slip away rapidly, and unless some pains be taken by somebody the record passes away with the memory of the men who are growing toward their end. We would suggest that copies of minutes of councils be sent to the Seminary; also copies of printed manuals, church catalogues, local church papers, sermons, addresses, sketches and biographical notices. We are all the time making history; let us also preserve it.

The other night the *Bulletin* had something strong and just to say about the "Tobacco Fiend." It was about the same time that two of the instructors in our leading institution of learning were heard pleading that something might be done to prevent the use of "cigarettes" by lads and young men. Their daily observation and experience show that cigarettes are destructive, not of brawn and brain only, but of morale, spirit and aspiration as well. They tend to make boys clods and ciphers, intellectually; unclean and disgusting, socially; beastly and vicious, morally. No school, public or private, high or low, should admit a pupil using tobacco, and those who will remain out of school rather than leave it off should be mercifully imprisoned.

Of late, the natural decadence of autumn has set in upon the results of the desiccating process of the long months of the dry season; and now there have been three weeks of unusually warm, sunny, drying weather. All these have turned the fields and woods into tinder. The hunters and the careless users of matches have started fires in all directions, which have swept over large areas, filling our atmosphere with smoke, heating some valleys as if they were ovens, and consuming wood, fences, vineyards, barns and dwellings. The losses have been great. The redresses can be nothing. Few preventives exist. Precautions do not always suffice. Till human soci-

ety is transformed, and carefulness is wrought into the heart of universal man, such times—hot and hard—must be regarded as necessary incidents of our lot.

Rev. Newman Smyth, in a sermon at New Haven, which had, at least, the merit of emphasis, said: "The wrong which has been brought to light is that the American Board has at last been possessed and used by a party." This seems to be the word to pass round now. But this preacher had said previously that the record of the meeting at Springfield "shows that two principles and two parties were in collision." Suppose, then, that the present minority had prevailed and become the majority. Would not the Board then have been possessed by a party just as truly as now? To be sure, Dr. Smyth would regard the minority platform as being more comprehensive than the opposite. But we are at loss to know why it is so much more "humiliating" for ninety or a hundred men to vote their convictions than for forty or fifty to vote theirs.

A circular has been sent out, headed by Wm. E. Dodge, Esq., and signed after him by several prominent persons, inviting a General Conference of all evangelical Christians in the United States, to be held under the auspices and direction of the Evangelical Alliance for the United States, in the city of Washington, December 7, 8 and 9, 1887, to study in effect the following questions: (1) What are the present perils and opportunities of the Christian Church and of the country? (2) Can any of them be met best by a hearty co-operation of all evangelical Christians, which, without detriment to any denominational interests, will serve the welfare of the whole Church? (3) What are the best means to secure such co-operation, and to waken the whole Church to its responsibility?

The lecture courses, under the auspices of the churches, are just beginning across the bay. It is a good thing to have such a course in every church, large or small. And, in general, it is best to have most of them by local and home lecturers, since this method saves money and develops capacity. A lecture may educate, instruct, stimulate, inspire, amuse, refine or enliven. No one lecture can do all these things. No entire course should be in any one vein. As a rule, lectures should be written, if not both written and read. They may be too labored, too oratorical, too highfalutin, but they cannot be too careful of their facts, too choice in their themes, too charming in their style, too pure in their tone, or too elevated in their aim.

Mr. Spurgeon has lately spoken very plainly as to the new-theological tendencies appearing among the Free churches of England. This has aroused the ire of the pastors who suppose themselves attacked. They call him pessimistic, and claim that Spurgeon's own success, which they freely admit, is not owing to his Calvinism, but to his personal qualities as a preacher, and so forth. Any one who reads such a paper as the *Christian World*, said to be the most widely circulated religious paper in England, will see that new theology is as divisive there as it threatens to become here. The conflicts of the Church are never over.

The proposition now before the Presbyterian Church is to raise one million dollars for a fund for ministerial relief. Will our Congregational churches in California, and our brethren who are about to make their wills, remember the society organized here for this same purpose?

In this city of worldliness and rush and hurry and bustle it is a satisfaction to know that some few feel and remember that "neither is there any rock like our God," and they meet every day at 12 m. at the hall of the Y. M. C. A., 232 Sutter street, and pray and sing and seek the blessing of God on themselves and others. Citizens and strangers will feel that it is good to be there. Christians from the country will find fellowship in this meeting, and realize that our city is not wholly given up to pleasure and sin. On Tuesday last the attendance was small, but there was a warmth and tender feeling that drew the few nearer to each other and nearer to God. The mother of Mr. McCoy died last week. Prayer was offered for him in his affliction. The American Missionary Association met in Portland, Me., on that day. Prayer was offered for its work among the freedmen, the Indians and the Chinese.

During the last fourteen years the number of Protestant churches in Madagascar has been increased by nearly seven hundred, making a total of twelve hundred; all of them are quite self-supporting. The number of communicants exceeds eight thousand.

THE AMERICAN BOARD MEETING AT SPRINGFIELD.

It will be some time before the "smoke of battle" will be entirely lifted so that all the results may be gathered into one view and formulated. Possibly, the victory which the conservatives may be said to have fairly won, may be, after all, only a "half-mast" victory; as to many, the whole controversy seemed more like a funeral dirge than a plan of the world's conquest. Whether Dr. Noble's impassioned appeal, "Give us a rest!" and which secured the tabling of Dr. Plumb's resolution for a committee of seven "to examine into the organization of this board, methods of administration, etc.," and report next year, will secure this end, so devoutly to be wished, remains to be seen. It is too early yet to determine. Perhaps, from the clear, calm distance of three thousand miles, you may be able to get a better perspective than we do in the immediate vicinity. The opinion now in many circles, I regret to say, is not flattering to Dr. Noble's recipe.

The Springfield daily press did itself much credit in publishing so full and accurate a record of each day's proceedings—almost a verbatim report of everything. The *Republican* especially, though he said, its sympathies were strongly marked in favor of the liberals, as might be expected, yet was in the main very fair and impartial; and at the close published an extra of sixteen pages, containing the whole, all for a nickel. This full account you have already received, and I need not repeat.

Nothing more beautiful as to weather or place could have been selected. The "Queen City" of the Connecticut valley was arrayed as a bride to greet the venerable Board in all the gorgeous colorings of a New England autumn—a memory that abides with many old Californians as a never-forgotten dream of childhood. As to hospitality, Springfield fairly outdid herself, and yet was fairly outdone. No city of 35,000 inhabitants, even when, as here, other denominations freely open their homes, can any longer entertain the crowds that go up to this annual gathering. Three chapels were filled with cots and converted into lodgings, crowds were fed at the Turn Hall, and multitudes sent out into the surrounding towns. The Committee of Arrangements did its work well. Everybody was provided for, and even though the declaration of the immortal youth, that "them plums eat awful," was abundantly verified, everybody had enough, and something was left over. However, it must have been a positive relief to cities contemplating inviting the Board in the near future, when the resolution was introduced and carried that henceforth free entertainment was to be extended only to "missionaries and assistant missionaries, theological students and officers of the Woman's Board; also, corporate members and their wives, so far as these may not prefer to provide for themselves." Whether the last clause relates to any others than "wives," I am unable to say.

The City Hall, in which the sessions were held, though a veritable death-trap in case of fire or panic, through the want of proper exits, is large and commodious, lighted with both gas and electricity, and seats some 2,000 people or more. It was nearly filled on Tuesday, when Vice-President Blatchford's gavel fell at precisely 3 p. m., and crowded thenceforth at every session—aisles, doorways, platforms, every available inch of space.

No crowds are quite equal to these annual gatherings in respect to bald heads, spectacles and titles. One felt lonesome and almost out of place without one or more of these qualifications. A finer looking body no one need ever wish to see. The usual audience was estimated at 3,500, besides the two overflow meetings. Undoubtedly, the expected debates awakened much interest and increased the attendance; for there is nothing dearer to the genuine New Englander than a brilliant debate, though there was universal regret that the American Board was made the arena. The missionaries seemed to feel the depression more than others. There was but little religious uplift, and almost an entire absence of that enkindled fire of missionary enthusiasm that has in other years swept through the assembly. There were tender prayers for peace, pathetic appeals for harmony, eloquent passages for Christian charity, and united efforts in sending the gospel abroad; there was, likewise, everywhere visible, and felt when not visible, a grim and conscientious determination on the part of the majority to hold every inch of advantage gained at Des Moines. "No compromise!" The great debate, extending through two days, and so overshadowing everything else, was, almost without exception, entirely courteous, fair, free from personalities, and, at times, eloquent, as became the occasion, the theme and the speakers. I record this with great pleasure. Those who had the deepest convictions concerning the points at issue differed and debated as Christians, anxious not to score a personal or partisan victory, but the truth of the Lord Jesus as they felt it.

In spite of the appeal and the gavel of the presiding officer, the audience would applaud a good point made, and it seemed to matter but little on which side. Liberals and conservatives alike drew the fire of applause. One of the curious, not to say ludicrous, phases of the great debate arose from the fact that the corporate members, who only can vote, were massed on the platform behind the speakers, who thus labored under the no-small embarrassment of

having the auditors in front of them, but the jury behind. Various expedients were adopted by the speakers, such as standing with one hand towards each, and gesticulating with one hand towards the audience, and the other towards the jury; or, talking to the audience while, and then turn square around and address the corporation, generally, however, to be greeted with cries of "Louder," "Turn around," etc., until the speaker would face the 3,000 in front, and address his eloquent appeals to them to vote right on the points at issue, while the voters were all at his back. Undoubtedly, the applause of the 3,000 had some influence on the votes of the 167 men, whose show of palms determine the policy of this venerable Board. But it was curious to see.

No man was received with such tumultuous cheering as was Dr. Alden, when, after sitting under fire in silence through nearly two days, he arose to speak. There was no question as to the estimation in which he is personally held by the great body of Congregationalists. And no speech was received with warmer appreciation, or touched higher rounds of eloquence, than Dr. G. L. Walker's, who, though a conservative in theology, and brother-in-law to Dr. Boardman, the champion of the conservatives, plead for a broad and Christian catholicity in the Board's administration. It was by far the most effective speech on the liberal side. The decision against employing councils in settling difficult questions was decisive—110 to 19. And, yet, the idea developed unexpected strength, and was strongly argued by such representative men as President Patten, Drs. Harris of Yale and Smyth of Andover.

In the debate on sustaining the policy of the Prudential Committee, the speakers ranged themselves about as follows: Professor Fisher of Yale, liberal; Dr. Boardman, conservative; Dr. Parker of Hartford, liberal; Dr. Taylor of New York, conservative; Dr. Walker of Hartford, liberal; Dr. Behrends of Brooklyn, conservative; Rev. G. A. Gordon, Boston, liberal; Dr. Goodwin, Chicago, conservative; Dr. McKenzie, Cambridge, liberal; Dr. Pentecost, Brooklyn, conservative.

The debate, which everybody hoped was over for good and all, was again renewed on Friday morning over a resolution to "investigate," and consumed time that should have been accorded to the missionaries, and was cut short only by tabling the whole matter.

Then followed the hasty farewells of those about to go abroad, among whom was the venerable Dr. Bliss, who returns once more to Constantinople to continue a service of forty-four years, and Dr. Farnsworth, who returns to Cappadocia. Then came the farewell remarks of Dr. Alden; of Mr. Blatchford, who won the respect of all parties by his impartial and courteous rulings; of Dr. Burnham, who spoke the welcome and the good-by for Springfield; the benediction by the veteran missionary, Dr. Hamlin; and the seventy-eighth anniversary of the A. B. C. F. M. passes into memory. The carpet-bag brigade swept silently down Main street, boarded the trains, and were whirled away in many directions.

The conservatives have scored a victory, and it now remains to be seen whether they will use it in a conciliatory spirit that may, in the end, bring about a large measure of harmony, and command the undivided and undiminished support of our beloved Board.

(REV. N. J. SQUIRES.)

TOO MANY CHURCHES IN CITIES.

A few weeks ago I had business in a small town of about 3,000 inhabitants in the San Joaquin valley. When Sunday came I wanted to go to church, and naturally went to the Congregational church, that being the denomination to which I belong. At the close of the sermon, I was surprised to find, on counting the people present—something I could hardly help doing—that there were but four persons, besides myself, in the body of the church, and six on the platform, as choir and ministers, making a total audience of ten persons for the minister to preach to. The minister's wife spoke to me after service, apologizing for the small congregation by saying that usually there were more present in the morning, and always more in the evening, sometimes fifteen or eighteen being at the latter service! The congregations of that church, then, probably average from twelve to fifteen persons.

As I said, that town contains about 3,000 inhabitants (the census of 1880 says 1,700), yet, so eager has each denomination been to establish a church of its own sect that, in this one small place, which could probably support three churches well, but would not need more than four anyway, there are nine churches, including one Catholic. When one knows this fact, no surprise can be felt that at one of the churches, at least, there were so few present as I saw.

I have a few words to say about the wisdom of the American Home Missionary Society in assisting a church of their denomination in a place where the field is already so fully occupied. I am a Congregationalist, as were indefinite generations of my ancestors, and I believe fully in the principles and government of that sect; but, before being a Congregationalist, I am a Christian, and it is little to me what denominations grow fastest, so long as people truly repent. Anything that advances Christ's kingdom will meet with no opposition from me, if it be not in itself evil, even if I cannot adopt all methods myself;

and just as truly, I hope, will I protest against all that retards his cause. For this reason I believe that the Congregational church in — should be dissolved, and all support that has been given it turned into other channels; or, if that could not be done, that the Home Missionary Society should withdraw the aid it has been furnishing that church, and put the money where the gospel is more needed. Members of that church could and should lay aside any trifling difference in views, and join some other; for, even if their own denomination should lose a little in numbers, the cause of the gospel would gain. If it is objected that the Congregational church was organized first, or nearly first, and so the other churches should not be allowed to crowd it out, I would merely say, If one would rather that one's own denomination prosper than the cause of Christ as a whole, I do not care to argue; the person who feels so has more zeal than wisdom, and needs to learn toleration. A better objection must be brought.

Many struggling churches on the frontier absolutely need more money with which to carry on the work of saving souls, and should have the aid now given to some churches in towns, and sometimes cities. If that need is not pressing enough, look at the districts where there are no churches of any kind, and see if wisdom does not counsel the more prudent use of money. It is impossible for mistakes and errors of judgment to be wholly avoided, but it is hoped that still fuller investigation will prove the wisdom of the course I have suggested.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

"How to Conduct a Sunday-School" was the topic given to Dr. Barrows for an essay before the General Association. He broadened it a little, making it include some features useful in the successful conduct of a Sunday-school.

The time most appropriate for the session was considered, and the speaker inclined to the opinion that, morning service being arranged to close at noon, the Sunday-school could be held about 2:30 without encroaching upon the evening service. Dr. Barrows felt that a year's trial would substantiate this position. Well-arranged rooms and appurtenances were considered, also the proper grading of Sunday-schools. It is possible to have small schools conveniently arranged as well as large ones.

"After the time and place and arrangements are decided upon there must be a Sunday-school to conduct"; therefore, the obligation of membership in the school should be laid upon the entire congregation. Not children merely, but all should thus take part in Bible study.

Given all these necessary conditions, and the conduct of a Sunday-school depends largely upon the selection of a superintendent, chosen like a major general, for his ability to command. This servant of the Church should be paid in large parishes, that he may devote all his time through the week to the interests of the school. He should be marked by a deep and genuine tone of spirituality and by executive ability, having his hand on all parts of the work without the appearance of authority. His methods should be inspiring to study, and to growth in the Christian life. Teachers must co-operate with him in the loving control of the school, and in proper instruction, or his efforts will be in vain.

The tendency to whispering and inattention was deprecated. Responsive reading, and other devotional exercises, should be engaged in earnestly by all members of the school, and no disturbance should be permitted during the study of the lesson. Methods of teaching should be made a study. Topical instruction was thought to be preferable to a strict adherence to the international plan, that the whole Word of God may be better understood than it is at present, when the thought of a scholar is too apt to be narrowed to the consideration of a single passage.

Certain points desirable in the management of a school were suggested. Sunday-school expenses should be assumed by the church or society. A Biblical Institute meeting, quarterly, that would organize superintendents and teachers under the instruction of learned minds, would be most helpful. With four suggestions, in the way of general principles, the paper was concluded:

1. We must keep in mind that we are God's workmen.
2. We are the students of the Word, and must acquaint ourselves with His truth. We are to teach that in the Sunday-school—nothing less, nothing more.
3. We are devotees of the church in the conduct of the Sunday-school. They are not separate institutions.
4. We are to win souls to Christ—a blessed work, whose fruition and reward are eternal.

Hon. Elihu B. Washburne died in Chicago last Saturday, October 22d. He was one of the foremost men in the nation during and after the war. In Congress, in the Cabinet, as United States Minister to France, where he rendered such honorable and useful service during the Franco-Prussian war; as the faithful friend and supporter of President Lincoln and General Grant; in most prominent positions and in the walks of private life, he discharged life's duties with singular fidelity and wisdom, and will long be remembered by thankful millions in this and other lands.

The city of Toronto has a population of 140,000, and prospers without Sunday horse-races and without a single Sunday newspaper.

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. WARREN, D. D.

Office, 1320 Market Street.

SUPERINTENDENT'S REPORT.

(Concluded from last week.)

The General Association of Southern California leads off with a constituency of thirty-two churches, eight of whom are self-supporting. The new missionary district, under the charge of Rev. J. T. Ford, Superintendent, embraces the seven counties of San Diego, San Bernardino, Los Angeles, Ventura, Santa Barbara, Kern and San Luis Obispo.

Tireless as he may be, Superintendent Ford will find all his resources taxed to the last limit to meet the daily demands of his field. The remaining forty-five counties must need be gained by this reinforcement. But, timely as this arrangement may be, and effective for results on enthusiasm, it avails but little if we have not the pith and sinew to execute our plans. Last January word came from New York, "Take up no more new work." Our Executive Committee respectfully petitioned that the restriction be withdrawn from Southern California. The withdrawal did not come. It is something to be thankful for that thirteen new churches were born in Southern California for all that, but it might have a round twenty but for that.

In April, the \$50,000 debt was paid, and the outlook for the year brighter. We assumed there would be no restriction very soon again. We asked an appropriation for at least \$21,000, determined to add to this amount \$6,000, and more, from the field, exclusive of two legacies then in sight. Nineteen thousand dollars was voted us, plus all that our churches in California might give.

You will hear from the Chairman of our Finance Committee how by gifts and savings more has been raised than in any year of our history. Yet, with this in our favor, and in the face of demands challenging instant duty, in six months, or less, from notice of the apportionment made to us, we are virtually summoned to another halt, which, if made, means loss—defeat! disaster!! It was in THE PACIFIC two weeks ago, and a portion of it comes up now for a third reading: "When the Executive Committee's annual apportionment to your field was reported to you the statement was made that possibly it might be necessary to reduce the amount before the end of the year. It was also stated that in no case would any State be permitted to overdraw its apportionment. The time has come to emphasize anew the latter statement, and to give warning that it is more than probable that it will be necessary to carry out the former. The Society was embarrassed last year by an unprecedented falling-off in legacies. But this falling-off continues. The receipts from this source thus far are \$65,544.99 less than the low standard of last year. In view of this decline in the amount usually received from bequests, and in view of the fact that there was little or no balance in the treasury at the end of the year, it has been necessary to borrow \$65,000 to carry the work through the summer. Our ability to borrow is about exhausted. The banks think we have gone deep enough in debt to them. Hence, from this time on, we must trust to the daily receipts for the means to pay the missionaries and meet the notes coming due. The outlook is not bright. During the next six months we have a \$65,000 debt to pay, besides securing the \$1,000 a day needed for current work. This is the most herculean task the friends of home missions ever undertook. It can be accomplished only by vigorous and persistent efforts on the part of all. We are perfecting plans for systematic work here at the East, and are expecting liberal responses to our spoken and printed appeals. We write to ask you to carry forward a similar campaign at the West. At the local conferences, and at the approaching meeting of the State Association, will you not lay these facts before the churches and impress upon them that they must depend more and more on themselves?"

Perhaps you punctuated three things in that letter: (1) That the outlook is not bright. (2) The next six months there is a debt of \$65,000 to pay, besides securing \$1,000 a day needed for current work. (3) The secretaries say we are perfecting plans for systematic work at the East, and are expecting liberal responses to our spoken and printed appeals. We ask you to carry forward a similar campaign at the West. Doubtless, doubtless! you have all said, Amen—campaign in California let it be. There is need of it, brethren, and we need not less than \$4,349.

1. Begin in the churches. Let it be done in telling reviews and outlooks of the home field once a month in every church and mission station—one month in the pulpit, one month in the prayer-meeting.

2. Let each District Association devote, at least, an hour in the interest of home missionary work in its bounds at each session. Command the attendance of superintendents, and plan for special meetings, at least, once a year in each church, if possible, attended by two or more members of the Association, working in laymen and godly women, as well as ministers.

3. Let the Executive Committee of the C. H. M. S. solicit a *pro rata* sum from every church, year by year, and so make sure of our quota for home work.

4. To solicit life memberships.

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Children's Corner.

A DISASTROUS RIDE.

Some little Drops of Water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage;
They drove a playful breeze
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.

But oh! there were so many
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling,
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them
And carried them all home.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

A TRUE STORY.

"Yes, Jamie," said Grandmammy Healy, "if mamma will excuse us, you shall have that promised story this evening. It may be new to her, also, though papa has heard it many times. It was the pet story of his boyhood whenever he had a companion to entertain indoors in bad weather.

"Sixty years ago this summer, when this city of Cleveland was but a small village, and I was seventeen years old, I taught a school in Lorain county, and boarded with a Mr. Foster, about half a mile from the schoolhouse. He lived in a hewed log-house of two rooms, the loft of which was reached by a rough stairway on the outside, this being quite an advance on the inside ladder and scuttle-hole arrangement of most of the cabins.

"At one corner of the 'clearing' which enclosed the house and out-buildings was a rough stile, by means of which I passed over the high rail-fence in going to and from school, the whole distance being one unbroken forest, save where it was clef by the wagon-road.

"Most of the scholars brought their dinners, and sometimes I took mine for the pleasure of having a noon stroll through the grand old forest in search of flowers and other treasures. We used to find the mandrakes, or 'May apples,' which ripened in July, though they blossomed in May; and later on quantities of pawpaws, which I called northern bananas, from their form and size and pulpy substance. Thus I grew familiar with all that part of the forest, and became deeply impressed, too, with a feeling of awe for its grandeur and age, while its myriad of beauties gave me the keenest delight. For, Jamie, I must tell you, that a forest like that, before the invading hand of man has mutilated and desecrated it, is as perfect as though it were a new creation just from the hand of God. It was so vast and hushed and dim that its spaces seemed, sure enough, like sacred aisles, and its great tree-trunks like pillars of a grand temple. Even the children, who were always with me, learned to talk in hushed voices, as I awakened their reverent admiration for the wonderful fashioning of tree or moss, until the birds and squirrels were not afraid of us, but peered at us curiously from their tree-top perches.

"But finally these precious noon strolls were suddenly ended. 'Sometimes, after the evening school had closed, I would remain to write letters. One evening I had staid longer than usual, knowing that Mr. Foster, accompanied by his brother (who lived with him), had gone to a 'grist mill,' ten miles distant, and that the supper was to be a late one on their account. When I finally left the schoolhouse I was surprised to find that the dimness of twilight was already creeping into the forest and darkening the road. But a strip of light sky overhead, outlined by the tree-tops, looked assuring; and, being a good walker and in splendid health, I hastened lightly on, enjoying the exercise.

"Although naturally timid, I was not in the least afraid, for I knew of nothing in the dear old forest that could possibly harm or molest me. Wolves and bears were considered as creatures of the past that no longer existed, except in the tales of old hunters.

"But presently, Jamie, I heard in the stillness a rustling, trampling sound among the trees at my left, and as it grew plainer, I knew that some creature as heavy as a colt or calf was in motion not far away from me, and I felt rather uncomfortable that I could not see just what it was.

"In a minute more I knew that the creature was not only moving in the same direction that I was, but was nearing the edge of the woods, and I quickened my pace. Directly I was conscious that the animal had also increased its speed, and was keeping evenly along with me.

"This thoroughly frightened me. 'You ought to have had a gun, grandmammy, only women can't shoot. What did you do?'

"I began to run at the top of my speed, but soon discovered by the sound that the creature was also running, even faster than myself. Presently I could see the outline of a dark object leaping along just in the edge of the trees. Thinking to let it get quite ahead of me, and thus possibly be rid of it, I stopped, and the creature stopped also.

"Then, Jamie, I knew I was the object of its especial interest, and such a terror seized me that I nearly lost all presence of mind. Nothing but the strong instinct of self-preservation could have rallied me."

"You—you ought to 'a' prayed, grandmammy."

"Yes, dear. I knew from what I had read and heard that one must never attempt to run away from a wild beast, and that the only chance of escape is to face him boldly. So I gave one unearthly scream of defiance, and ran on again with all the fleetness my limbs could command, hoping the creature might keep to the woods and content himself with running a race with me.

"For an instant he halted; the scream had doubtless surprised him. Then on he came again, leaping and bounding until he was some yards in advance of me, when he suddenly struck into the road, and, halting, faced me."

"O dear!" panted Jamie. "Yes, faced me; and, seeing him then more plainly, I felt sure it was a bear. I knew that bears are cowardly beasts, and that when unmolested they never attack a creature unless they are very hungry; and so I knew that if I could not frighten him away I should be his victim. A fierce desperation seized me. My only weapon of defense was a parol. I rapidly jerked it open and shut it at arm's length in front of me, and, keeping time with shrill screams, I made a rush directly toward the bear. He hesitated a moment, but, evidently being in doubt about a creature that could flap and screech like that, he turned and loped into the woods."

"Oh, wasn't you glad, grandmammy?" "Yes, dear, I was indeed. That gave me fresh courage and strength; and, hoping to see no more of him, I fled onward, thankful that at least two-thirds of the distance was now passed over. But, oh, Jamie, in less than half a minute I heard that fearful creature coming again; and directly I knew he was alongside of me in the edge of the trees as before. And there was I, a young girl, running a race for life with a starving wild beast, in a lonely forest at nightfall!

"Again the energy born of desperation nerved me. I felt that the bear was trying to distance me once more, and then turn on me for attack as before; and I determined to shorten the space between me and that stile as fast as possible.

"And now, Jamie, were I 'making up' this story, I should certainly think it the proper thing to say that just at this crisis I heard the sound of wheels, and knew that Mr. Foster was near at hand, and would rescue me. But no such good fortune came to me, and I must tell what really did happen. 'The bear having gained some distance on me, again turned suddenly into the road, and, confronting me, slowly advanced.'

"Oh, grandmammy! I'd—I'd a just—just—"

"Yes, I know, dear, but I couldn't. I knew my only chance of escaping a horrible death was to frighten him again if possible. The stile was now but a short distance away, and another respite would enable me to gain it. So I did not pause an instant in my running this time, but rushed upon him more recklessly than before, and with wilder shrieks, if possible.

"He halted, but kept his position until I had so nearly reached him that I thought my time had surely come, while my heart kept crying out, 'From sudden death, good Lord, deliver us.' Then, as before, he suddenly wheeled and bounded into the forest.

"Though exhausted and panting, and wet with cold perspiration, a ray of hope now gave me courage and kept me from flagging. On, on I fled. The blessed stile was near at hand when again I heard that relentless beast behind me. I heard it reach the steps in time? I wondered. If I did, would he not clutch me before I could get over?"

"Oh! But he didn't though, did he?" "Cause you're here."

"When I reached the stile the bear was just behind me. I scrambled up the steps somehow, and threw myself to the ground on the other side, and at that moment saw the enraged beast rush up and lay his paws on the steps as though to follow me. I knew bears could climb trees, Jamie, and why not steps? I did not wait to test the matter, but, as I picked myself up, I heard the large swine, in the corner-pen by the stile, snorting like wild hogs. No doubt it was their presence that kept the bear from following me to the very door of the house.

"The stile was not visible from the front of the house, so that Mrs. Foster saw nothing until I had reached the open door, and, gasping out, 'A bear!' fell forward, senseless, on the floor.

"Poor Mrs. Foster, being alone with her two little ones, must have had a sorry time with me. Glancing out the door, and seeing nothing, not even a dog, she hastened to restore my consciousness. With its return I was aware of the presence of Mr. Foster and brother, who were listening to her report of my fright and prolonged insensibility.

"Too prostrated to move a finger or an eyelid, I lay motionless, and finally heard the brothers saying to each other: 'It's a great pity she got such a fright. I wonder what could have caused it?'

"Not a bear, sure," said the other, 'for there have been no bears in this region of country for years.' 'She may have seen a strange dog in the dusky woods that wanted to make friends with her, and getting frightened and excited, she could easily imagine it was a bear.'

"That's so. These town girls ain't fit for backwoods life, any way."

"Then they were called out to the back porch to eat supper, and soon good

Mrs. Foster brought me some strong coffee, and seemed quite happy to find me able to drink it. I swallowed it, thinking the while of my mother's fragrant tea. Then I fell back on my pillow, nerveless and wretched, despite my recent escape from a horrid death, for how was I to convince those worthy people that I had really encountered anything more ferocious than a dog? With their clear heads and good strong sense, they must always think me silly in the extreme to have wrought myself into such a state by a senseless fright. I could not bear it, Jamie."

"I'd—I'd 'a' told 'em—told 'em school-teachers know bears from dogs." "I don't believe I thought of that. But as I lay there with closed eyes and throbbing temples, I began to worry about the children who would come through those woods in the morning to school. I felt certain that one or more of them would be killed by that terrible creature, and I shuddered as I thought of their danger, and of the incredulity of the Fosters, which would prevent them from taking any measures of precaution.

"Finally I rallied sufficient resolution to talk with Mr. Foster about it before he retired for the night, and tried to convince him of the danger awaiting my pupils in the morning. Failing to arouse him to a sense of any danger, I then assured him that nothing could induce me to teach another day in that lonely place until I should know that the ugly beast had been killed. This assertion seemed to annoy him, and I continued:

"Why, Mr. Foster, that bear might be lying in wait, and snatch up any child that chanced near it, and be off in a twinkling. I wouldn't risk my own life again on that road unless I were protected by good marksmen."

"At this the man made an effort to keep from smiling, for, of course, he pitied me, even if I were mistaken. Then I intimated that I would like to give him the particulars of my encounter, only that I heard him say before supper that probably I'd seen a stray dog that had tried to make friends with me; and, if he thought that, it was useless to waste more words. Then he inquired as seriously as he could:

"Did your bear offer to hug you? You know that's the way those animals do when they mean business." Exasperated to the extreme, I exclaimed:

"My bear! No, he didn't. I was not quite near enough for that, which is the only reason I'm alive, I assure you! Do you think me an idiot, Mr. Foster?" "And I turned my face in my pillow, and burst into a nervous paroxysm of sobs and tears, which for hours I could not repress, so overtaken had been my nerves by prolonged terror, and so prostrated was I by excessive exertion. Having never been sick in my life, I did not know why I could not control my sobbing in return for their soothing and petting; and so felt myself doubly disgraced in their eyes.

"About midnight kind Mrs. Foster seated herself in the adjoining room, with open door between and light burning, until she thought by the silence that I was sleeping. But I lay a long while sleepless, tormented with the idea of one or more of my pupils being victimized, while I, myself, was perfectly aware of the danger and ought to contrive some way to prevent it.

"Resolving to rise very early, and by persistence oblige the Fosters to shoot warning guns through the forest, if nothing more, I must have fallen asleep near the dawn, for at the early daylight I was aroused by unusual stir and talking in the house. Instantly excited, I sat up in bed and listened. Soon I heard Mr. Foster saying:

"Yes, I say they are both killed. One is nearly eaten up, and the other torn all to pieces." My heart stood still. Perfectly horrified, I rushed to the door, exclaiming:

"Who is torn to pieces and eaten up?" "The hogs—the hogs in the pen," they hurried to answer. 'Just as you might have been,' added Mrs. Foster, 'you poor, dear, brave girl,' rushing at me with open arms, while her husband called out:

"Yes, you are a brave girl, and what the bear didn't cause you to suffer I made up to you last night, and shall never forgive myself."

Hastily retreating to my bed, I fell upon it, too utterly thankful to speak, while Mrs. Foster went on to say that her husband had sent his brother off at once, well mounted and with a trusty rifle, to rally the neighborhood for a hunt, and to have word passed from house to house that the children were to be kept at home until the ravenous beast was killed.

"They say," she added, 'that, being gorged with last night's feast, he will be lying by to-day, and that his hiding-place must be found.' And they did find it, Jamie, and killed the bear."

"About sunset they brought him, swinging on poles supported on men's shoulders, and had me called to the door and told me it was my trophy, and then cheered me with a round that rang and echoed through the trees. I felt very foolish, but it all made me happy once more, and proved a good tonic."

"An old pioneer told me that probably distant hunters had harassed and tracked that bear until he had been frightened from his usual haunts, or that his mate had been captured, perhaps, and he had wandered away in search of her, not caring for food until he was nearly starved."

"The Fosters dressed the bear for me—Your bear, after all, the elder brother said, as he recalled his cruel incredul-

ity—and tanned the skin so as to preserve the glossy black fur. The meat was divided among those who had joined in the hunt, and I became so much of a heroine with the good people that, had I ever announced that I had seen a rhinoceros in the forest, they would have tried to believe it."

"Well," said Jamie, with a long breath of satisfaction, "that is the best old bear story I ever heard yet. I thought surely you were going to be killed, and I had to keep remembering that you were sitting here alive and telling it yourself. Then directly I'd forget again, and be awfully scared about you. I am real glad you wasn't killed, grandmammy, and I thank you ever so much for the story."

MEETING AN OLD FRIEND.

The last palace we shall visit during our stop in Genoa is the Doria Palace, the most interesting in the city; and, on our way there from our hotel, we meet a gentleman we know. Every one of us is acquainted with him, and we all feel under great obligations to him. He is very tall and pale, but his figure is grand and imposing, and he stands up high where everybody can see him. It is Christopher Columbus—and where should we Americans have been without him? It gives us a strange sensation, in this Italian city, with its queer streets and tall palaces, and its unfamiliar sights of every kind, to come upon this statue of good old Columbus, whom we have all known so well from our earliest childhood, and whom we have been accustomed to look upon somewhat in the light of the grandfather of our country. The Genoese think a great deal of Columbus, who was born in this neighborhood, you may remember, although they did not do much for him when he was alive. But there are always people who are willing to honor a successful man after some one else has given him a chance to show what he can do. At the foot of the statue is a kneeling figure, representing our country thanking Columbus for having discovered her; and the whole stands in a beautiful open square. There are other mementoes of Columbus in the city, and in the Municipal Palace, two of his letters are preserved.—*St. Nicholas*.

A FORTUNATE FAILURE FOR TWO.

A few months ago the failure of an English millionaire was announced. His eldest daughter had married the younger son of one of England's oldest noble families, but not one noted for its wealth. Fortunately for the young people it was a love match, and not one of exchange—money for title. The father of the young lady had always been very liberal in his allowance to his daughter, and the young people lived in elegant, and even extravagant, style. But now a change has come, and poverty stared them in the face. At this juncture a gift that the young wife knew she possessed was brought into use, and a few days since a millinery establishment was opened in Park street, London. Over the door appeared the badge of the husband's family, and over that "Under Royal Patronage"; for the courageous little woman, who had determined to do her share toward maintaining an honest and independent position in life, was a friend of the Princess of Wales, who proved a profitable customer and a firm friend by ordering ten bonnets. The husband has a gift of poetry, and his poems, bound in blue and white, adorn the houses of his friends, a gift from the author. May not necessity bring out the genius that prosperity had hidden in each of these people? Adversity is a heavy hammer, but it is sometimes the only instrument that will bring out the true metal.—*Christian Union*.

WHERE DIAMONDS ARE POLISHED.

One of the great industries of Amsterdam is the cutting and polishing of diamonds; and nearly all the finest diamonds in the world are brought here to be cut into shape. We will make a visit to one of the principal diamond establishments, and when we get there I think we shall be surprised to find a great factory, four or five stories high, a steam-engine in the basement, and fly-wheels, and leather bands, and all sorts of whirling machinery in the different stories. On the very top floor the diamonds are finished and polished, and here we see skillful workmen sitting before rapidly revolving disks of steel, against which the diamonds are pressed and polished. It requires great skill, time, and patience, before one of these valuable gems is got into that shape in which it will best shine, sparkle, and show its purity. Nearly half the diamonds produced in the world, the best of which come from Brazil, are sent to this factory to be cut and polished. Here the great Koh-i-noor was cut; and we are shown models of that, and of other famous diamonds that were cut in these rooms.—*St. Nicholas* for October.

HOW NUTMEGS GROW.

Nutmegs grow on little trees which look like small pear-trees, and which are generally not over twenty feet high. The flowers are very much like the lily of the valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over the seed. The Dutch used to have all this nutmeg trade. To keep the price up they once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was as big as a house. But the nutmeg pigeons carried some of the nuts, which are their food, into the surrounding countries, and trees grew again, and the world had the benefit.—*Ex.*

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Miscellany.

GIVING.

"God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." (James 1: 5.)

I would that I might give
In this same godlike way;
No poison of reproach
Hid in my offering lay.

My gift doth still upbraid
The poor receiver's lack,
And thus my own reproach
Is all that cometh back.

The alms of selfishness
Can nevermore ascend;
Not with upbraiding hearts
To thee, O Lord, we lend!

Suited to the self that robs
The gift of all its worth,
And, 'stead of love, bestows
A lifeless clod of earth.

To give and not upbraid—
Impart this grace to me,
Since life doth all depend
On likeness unto thee.

—Selected.

ONE OF THESE DAYS.

One of these days it will all be over—
Sorrow and laughter and loss and gain,
Meetings and partings of friend and lover,
Joy that was ever so edged with pain.

One of these days will our hands be folded,
One of these days will the work be done;
Finished the pattern our lives have moulded,
Bared our labor beneath the sun.

One of these days will the heartache leave us;
One of these days will the burden drop;
Never again shall a hope deceive us,
Never again will our progress stop.

Freed from the blight of the vain endeavor,
Winged with the health of immortal life,
One of these days we shall quit forever
All that is vexing in early strife.

One of these days we shall know the reason,
Haply, of much that perplexes now;
One of these days, in the Lord's good season,
Light of his peace shall adorn the brow.

Blessed that out of tribulation
Lifted to dwell in his sun-bright smile,
Happy to share in the great salvation,
Well may we tarry a little while.

—Selected.

CHARLES SUMNER'S GREAT STRENGTH.

Mr. Sumner stood six feet two inches high without his shoes, and he was so well built that his height was only noticeable when he was near a person of ordinary size. But there was a manner about him, a free swing of the arm, a stride, a pose of his shaggy head, a sway of his broad shoulders, that gave to those who knew him best the idea that he was of heroic size. Then, too, there was something in the intent look of his deep-set eye, his corrugated brow, the frown born of intense thought, and his large head, made to seem larger by his crown of thick, heavy, long gray hair, all of which gave the idea of physical greatness; but with his frequent smile the set frown passed, his whole appearance changed, and his face beamed like a dark lantern suddenly lighted. His smile effected a wonderful transformation in his whole appearance, and it set up a peculiar sympathy between himself and its recipient.

For one of his sedentary habits, he had extraordinary strength, and yet he was not an athlete. While in Washington his only exercise was walking, and as he believed that it was the pace rather than the distance which tells, when opportunity offered he would go at a rate that amazed beholders. Some persons who attempted to join and keep up with him only succeeded by taking an occasional hop, skip and jump, such as children practice when walking with their parents. Up to the time of his injuries he walked much in Washington, for, as he said, he could outwalk omnibuses, and give them long odds.

He was hardly aware of his enormous strength, it was so seldom called into exercise. His books were packed in large boxes at the end of each session, and sent from his rooms to the Capitol, only to be returned at the beginning of the next session. These boxes weighed nearly five hundred pounds each, and were difficult to handle in passages and stairways, and so were accompanied by four men. Once when he was living at the Rev. Dr. Sampson's, one of these heavy boxes got stuck in the stairway. It could be extricated without damage to the walls only by lifting it to the banister. The four men failed to apply their strength to the most advantage, for they got in each other's way, and thus failed to move the box. The Senator, hatted and gloved, ready to go out, came to the stairs.

"Why don't you lift it over the rail," said he.

"How can we?" answered one.

"You have no idea of its weight."

"Let me try," said the Senator, and leaning over the rail, he seized the rope becket at the end of the box and lifted the latter clear of its entanglements by one sure pull, splitting his glove, however, across the back. The men were amazed; and he, a little embarrassed, said, "I didn't mean to lift it, only to try its weight"; and then went back for fresh gloves.—*Cosmopolitan*.

A BIRD STUDY.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

The mocking-bird's emotions were so intense and so originally displayed that he was a constant source of interest. A hand-glass, lying face up, gave opportunity for an amusing exhibition one day. Leaning over it, he puffed out every feather, opened his mouth, and tried the glass with his beak at every point. Meeting no satisfaction, he turned to leave it, but first peeped slyly over the edge to see if the stranger were still

there, no doubt unable to get over his surprise at seeing a bird in that position and ready to meet his bill at every point. The same glass, standing up, brought out a different demonstration. He stood in front of it and swelled himself out, while the feathers of the shoulders and breast were erected. Then he opened his mouth wide and attacked the reflection, but was astonished to meet the glass. He touched the bill of his double with his own, and moved all the way to the bottom of the glass, not taking it away, but apparently trying to seize the one which opposed his. He lowered his head as though to take hold of the enemy's foot, then pulled himself up as straight as a soldier, wings and tail constantly jerking with excitement. After indulging for some time in these proceedings, he dodged around behind the glass, plainly expecting to pounce upon his opponent, and surprised not to do so. Several times he drew himself up, swelled out his breast, and blustered before the glass. Once he flew up with the reflection in the manner of a quarrelsome cock, and upon reaching the top of the glass, naturally went over and landed behind, without an enemy in sight. Upon this he stared a moment, as if dazed, then shook himself out, and flew away in evident disgust.

The deliberate, leisurely dressing of plumage, with which many birds pass away the dull hours, is an occupation in which the mocking-bird never had time to indulge. He was a bird of affairs; he had too much on his mind for loitering. A few sudden, thorough shakes, a rapid snatching of the wing and tail feathers through the beak, or, after a bath, a violent beating the air with both wings while holding tightly to the perch with his feet, sufficed for his toilet. Notwithstanding his apparent carelessness, his plumage was soft and exquisite in texture, and when wet, the downy breast feathers matted together and hung in locks, like hair. Through a common magnifying-glass each tiny barbule was seen to be ringed with gray and silvery white, so finely that the rings could hardly be seen.—*Atlantic*.

THE BOTTOM OF THE LADDER.

A modest youth who graduated a Thursday or two ago from the university at Chapel Hill wishes to be connected with an able, progressive and live newspaper—one up with the times. With that end in view, he addressed himself to *The Item*. He incloses testimonials as to character, mental capacity, and accomplishments, though he admits that, as yet, he does not claim "to possess either the experience or the ability to edit a newspaper successfully."

In the latter part of his communication there is found food for comment. He says: "I am willing to make myself generally useful—to begin at the bottom of the profession; to read proof or make clippings, or do anything of that kind, if need be, confident of my ability to finally work myself up to a position more congenial to my tastes and more suitable to my education."

The proof-reader at the bottom of the ladder?—the man who not only corrects printers' mistakes, but finds punctuation, spelling, grammar, and words for unlettered or careless writers, who must so keep his memory stored with the good things of the noted author that he may suitably fill in, at a moment's notice, an inaccurate quotation; sometimes is compelled to even grasp and make clear the ideas of a shiftless writer; who puts the finishing touches to every column of the journal before it goes to the eager iron jaws awaiting it in the press-room!

And he will do uncongenial work at the bottom of the ladder in attending to the "clippings." Good writers and brainy men are not so rare; but a man who will nose among the exchanges with a scent as keen and exact as a deer-hound's, who strikes the prey when found, and always secures game to the popular taste, such a man will be kept when found, and not kept on the bottom rung of the ladder, either.—*New Orleans City Item*.

PREACHING AND PREACHERS.

A correspondent of the *Christian at Work* says: "If I were to attempt to answer the question, I should say the reason why we do not have more conversions is that preaching to-day is directed to the intellectual faculties and not to the spiritual nature. It isn't at all a question of externals as to manner, or illustration, or Dr. Beacon's 'power of reiteration.'—God knows we have plenty of that—but it is a question of making a man, as a jurymen, bring in a verdict against himself. Judging from this standard, what do the pretty tropes, and citations from the poets, tinsel rhetoric, and philosophical abstractions, amount to? To nothing—positively nothing. They are 'vacant chaff well-meant for grain,' and the good intention does nothing, and never has done anything, towards converting a bushel of chaff into one grain of wheat. There are very few, comparatively, powerful Christ-preaching ministers in the pulpit. But there are sermons enough delivered every Sunday brimful of harmless abstractions, and decked in dainty rhetoric, to fill the world's bookcases. When shall we change all this?—when we have an earthquake of some sort or a new Sinai is set on fire by the touch of God's finger."

The Punjab promises to be the richest province of India. Petroleum has been discovered in Rawalpindi, coal in Peshawar, and gold in Kulu, up in the Himalayas.

BREVITIES.

Thirty electrical roads now being built will be running before winter shall have set in.

There are in the Church of England 100 clergymen, converts from Judaism, and over 3,000 communicants.

The first Polish newspaper ever published in America has just been started in Buffalo. It is called the *Ojczyzna*.

A stearine candle factory, the first of its kind in Turkey, is about to be opened at Jaffa, by a certain Herr Herenstein.

Mrs. A. M. Holloway has been awarded the contract to clean the streets of Buffalo, N. Y., for five years, for \$477,000.

A natural gas-pipe line thirty-six miles long has established its terminal in Indianapolis, and is ready to furnish domestic and manufacturing consumers.

The amalgamation of widely differing races occurs only under forced conditions. This is shown by the fact that it has almost ceased in the late slave States since the abolition of slavery. The races fall apart, each into its own channel of progress, when both are free. If Pope Urban had let the comet alone it would have gone along in its orbit just the same.

The youthful John, leaning on the bosom of his Lord, seems a saintly character. But we do not discover the strength of a full-grown and triumphant spirit until we have seen the aged John of Patmos. Banished and alone, stricken with full ninety years, he could not be banished from the presence of his Saviour, or despoiled of his immortal growth.—*Leighton*.

A little boy at a village school had written the word "psalm" in his copy-book, and accidentally blotted out the initial "p" with his sleeve. His little sister at his side burst into tears over the disaster, but the spelling reformer defiantly exclaimed: "What if I did leave him out? He didn't spell nothing, and what was the good of him?"—*Youth's Companion*.

Isaiah V. Williamson, a Quaker, is said to be the richest man in Philadelphia, and the richest bachelor in the United States. He is 85 years old, and worth \$20,000,000. Mr. Williamson, until very recently, used to walk to his place of business, or ride in the street-cars if the weather was bad. Now he is obliged to ride in his carriage, and to depend upon the strong arm of a servant; but he gets about and goes to his office daily, notwithstanding his age and weakness.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

Many a girl looks on marriage as a vocation, who has never thought of the duties it involves; and I think for a woman to fail to make and keep a happy home is to be a "failure" in a truer sense than to have failed to catch a husband.

To make "old maid" a term of reproach has mischievous results, and causes many an ill-assorted marriage. Girls have been hurried into marriages by the dread of being so stigmatized, who have repented the step to their dying day. The sacredness of marriage, and the serious responsibilities it brings, are either ignored altogether, or but lightly considered, when marriage is represented as the only profession for women. There is no truth in Brigham Young's doctrine that only a woman sealed to a man in marriage can possibly be saved.

Let mothers teach their daughters that although a well-assorted marriage, based upon mutual love and esteem, may be the happiest calling for a woman, yet that marriage brings its peculiar trials as well as special joys, and that it is quite possible for a woman to be both useful and happy, although youth be fled, and the crowning joys of life—wife and motherhood—have passed her by or have been voluntarily surrendered.

Who does not know "old maids" who are the light and stay of homes darkened by sorrow and tottering by the strokes of affliction? "Auntie" is respected and beloved by her nephews and nieces, for she has ceased to think of her own happiness, and is always planning for the good of others. She is not soured by celibacy, but sheds upon all who come in her way the sweetness of good temper and the light of practical wisdom. She has not a home of her own, but, as Wesley did, she takes the world for her parish, and becomes the neighbor of every one who needs her help. Can a life be anything but beautiful which is lived—as are lives of many unmarried women—in the spirit of these lines?

"Question not, but live and labor,
Till your goal be won;
Helping every feeble neighbor,
Seeking help from none.
Life is mostly froth and bubble;
Two things stand like stone:
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own."
—*Cassell's Family Magazine*.

TEMPERANCE IN LITERATURE.

The temperance crusade has invaded literature at last. Dr. George McDonald's newest serial—a story of the Highland crofters—has for its hero a despised reformer, who, though the head of the clan, is hateful to his fellows because he hates whisky. Parental influence, especially the mother's, figures largely in the character of Alister Macraugh, who had been brought up to hate the drink. In these words Dr. McDonald tells the story of these early impressions: "His father—who, as a clergyman doing his endeavor for the welfare of his flock, was greatly thwarted by its dead-

ening influence, rendering men callous, not only to the special vice itself, but to worse vices as well—had banished it from his table and his house; and his mother had instilled a loathing of the national weakness and its physical source into the minds of her sons. In her childhood she had seen its evils in her own father; by no means a drunkard, he was the less of a father because he took it. Never an evening passed on which he did not drink his stated portion of whisky toddy, growing more and more subject to attacks of bad temper, with consequent injustice and unkindness. The recollection may have made her too sweeping in her condemnation of the habit, but I doubt it; and, anyhow, a habit which, though not all bad, yet leads to endless results that are all bad, we need not be tender over. I would follow it to its grave without a great flow of tears."

GLEANINGS.

As God warms the earth with snow, he can warm the soul with grief.

Only a loving heart can effectually present a living gospel.—*H. Clay Trumbull*.

We cannot be distinguished as saints until we have first been humbled in penitence.

The doors of earthly happiness and heavenly happiness swing on the same hinges.—*President Bascom*.

Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it to be a part of the temperament.

"God loves the cheerful giver," but the trouble is so many of us are cheerful over so little.—*Philadelphia Call*.

If thou art not born again, all thy outward reformation is naught; thou hast shut the door, but the thief is still in the house.—*Boston*.

We cannot skip the seasons of our education. We cannot hasten the ripeness and the sweetness by a single day, nor dispense with one night's nipping frost, nor one week's blighting east wind.—*F. W. Robertson*.

A Catholic legend says that the devil gave a hermit the choice of three great vices, one of which was drunkenness. The hermit chose this as being the least sinful. He became drunk and committed the other two.

The work of a Christian, as it is described in the Bible, looks fitter for an angel than for a fallen man; but this fallen, weak man has more than the sufficiency of an angel for the discharge of it—his sufficiency is of God.—*W. Jay*.

There's a great difference between being in the world, and having the world in us. Let a ship be in the water, and it's all right; but let the water be in the ship, and down she goes. A great many Christians live so near the world that they never bring forth any fruit.

If one wants to prove that man is but little lower than the angels, the son and heir of God, he must go to the Bible. If he wants to prove how poor and base and Satan-like the soul of man can be, still to the Bible he must go. If you want to find the highest ecstasy that man's spirit ever reached, it is the Christian saint exulting in his God. Do you want to hear the bitterest sorrow that ever wrung the human heart? It is the same Christian saint, penitent for his sin.—*Rev. Phillips Brooks*.

MARK HOPKINS' EXTRAVAGANCE.

Adjoining the Stanford mansion in San Francisco is the striking Norman castle of Mrs. Mark Hopkins. Her husband was the financier of the railroad company, but he wore himself out by constant application, and for several months before his death he had forgotten his own identity. Just before this loss of his memory he had begun the construction of this superb residence. One day his medical attendant took him to the top of the hill, where he saw the building going on, when the millionaire turned to him and in a querulous tone asked, "What infernal fool is wasting money on such a house as that?" He died soon after. His widow, who was a poor New England girl when Mr. Hopkins married her, inherited all his wealth. She still retains her shares in the road, and her adopted son is one of the rising young men in the railroad office. Her country home is at Great Barrington, Mass., where she has built a costly summer residence. She is regarded as the richest woman in America, as she has a fortune of at least forty million dollars, of which she does not spend one-half the income.—*G. H. Fitch in the August Cosmopolitan*.

WAKING UP.

The Wesleyan Methodists are waking up in London to a keener sense of their responsibility for the millions of perishing souls in that metropolis, and are reaching out after these lost ones with a determination to get hold of them. In order to accomplish this herculean task, they are returning to the original idea of Methodism—that is, the adaptation of the means to the end in view. They have erected an immense church-building on the West End, and are opening a mission for the conversion of the aristocracy.

crats and plutocrats of that quarter. At the same time they are preparing for a vigorous descent upon the overcrowded masses of the East End. To attract the attention of the multitude they have so far copied the methods of the Salvation Army as to begin organizing bands of music to parade in Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park.

A BADLY MIXED HEATHEN.

Disheartened missionary, returning to his field after years of absence—"Oh, unhappy man, you have lapsed into error, and darkness and paganism again!" Chief heathen, apologetically—"Well, you see, after you went away, a Catholic missionary came along, and told us the bad place was full of Methodists, and so he scared us into his communion. Then he went away, and a Presbyterian came along and waked us up on regeneration, adoption, and election, and we joined his Church. Then an Episcopalian came, and we burned our Westminster and stocked up on prayer-books; and he left, and a Baptist landed, and walked us into the water, and baptized us right; and we'd just about got settled when a New Congregationalist came over and said that so long as we were heathens, we had a dead sure thing of going to heaven; but, if we became Christians, we had to walk mighty straight, or go to the everlasting bonfire. So, we ate him up, burned our Bibles, and resumed business at the old stand. Boys, put the parson in the cage, and fatten him up for Thanksgiving Day."—*Bob Burdette*.

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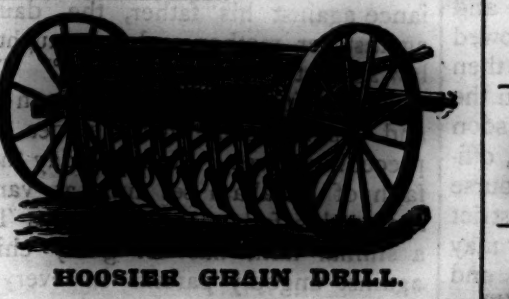
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ACADEMY NOTES.

Last Sunday afternoon we sat in the cupola of Hopkins Academy, and looked down upon the grounds and foundation walls of St. Mary's Roman Catholic College. The occasion was the laying of the corner-stone of the new building, which is to stand on the opposite side of the street from our academy. A vast throng, numbering thousands, assembled upon and around the unfinished building. Archbishop and priests, altar boys and pupils, long processions of Roman Catholic organizations, bands of music and drum corps, citizens on foot and in carriages, combined to form one of the largest assemblies ever gathered in Oakland.

The central decoration of the platform was a large statue of the Virgin, clothed in lace, over whose head was a motto that sounds strange and unpleasant to Protestant Christians: "We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God!"

This motto brings out the aim of the new institution. A distinctively denominational education, under the "patronage" of Mary, mother of Jesus.

Crowning the summit of the beautiful hill stands our own Christian institutions of learning, in whose behalf we look not and care not for a pontifical blessing from Italy, such as was asked to be bestowed, through Cardinal Gibbons, upon the St. Mary's College. But, for ourselves, for St. Mary's, and for all institutions of learning, we will ever pray that the blessing of God may rest upon them, helping them and us to maintain a high standard of education, to inculcate pure religion and undefiled in the hearts of all pupils, and to train the young to be loyal citizens and faithful Christians.

It is too much to expect that Protestant and Roman Catholic views of Christian education can be harmonized. Because of this our public schools are carefully kept unsectarian, but loyalty to convictions of truth has led to the establishment and maintenance of institutions of learning whose Christian basis is distinctly avoided.

Hence, from a Roman Catholic standpoint, St. Mary's is necessary; from our Protestant standpoint Hopkins Academy is necessary. We ask nothing from the public school fund, but we ask the sympathy, the prayers and the patronage of our Protestant population, especially of Congregational families. We need scholarship funds for the aid of deserving students, and increased endowments for general enlargement.

The attendance this term is large, and the school is prospering, but there is opportunity for indefinite enlargement and development. We look to the friends of Christian education on this Coast for their sympathy and substantial aid. Who will be the first to establish a scholarship in Hopkins Academy?

H. E. J.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

The presence of the Japanese war steamer *Tsukuba* in front of the city, and the well-behaved groups of officers and men seen in the stores and about the streets, brings to mind a bit of history. In the year 1844 the ship *Manhattan*, Captain Mercator Cooper, cruising in the North Pacific, fell in with a disabled junk that had been blown off the coast of Japan, whose officers were unable to get her back. Capt. Cooper took off all hands, and took a quantity of curious articles from the junk, and headed them up in a cask, and stowed it away in the lower hold. He then sailed for the bay of Jeddo. When the ship came to anchor there, it was soon surrounded by three tiers of boats, officers put on board, and all intercourse with the shore prevented. A strict search was made for anything that may have been taken from the junk, and everything found was taken away. They supplied him with wood and water, for which no charge was made. After lying there three days Capt. Cooper was told he must go. He asked if he found, at any time, more Japanese in distress what he should do with them, and was told to take them where he liked, but never to come there again. They then told him to go. He said, "The wind is ahead, and I cannot get out of the harbor." They said, "Is that all," and then ordered the boats to hitch on and tow him out to sea. Among the things put into the cask was a good chart of the Japanese Islands, which Capt. Cooper took on to Washington and gave to the U. S. Government, to whom he told his adventure. How much his story and that large chart had to do in influencing the U. S. Government to send Commodore Biddle to Japan in 1846 is not known.

There now lies before the writer a large book which Capt. Cooper presented to him, that was concealed in the cask. At the time it was considered a great curiosity from the sealed-up empire.

Mr. H. J. McCoy, General Secretary of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association, received a telegram last Monday morning that his mother, Mary A. McCoy, died in Lowell, Mass., October 24th, 69 years of age. Mrs. McCoy was for long years identified with St. Paul's M. E. church, Lowell, Mass., but for the past ten years has been in feeble health; but, notwithstanding this fact, the announcement of her death was quite unexpected, as a few days ago she was able to ride out.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, NOV. 6.

MATT. 10: 32-42.

BY REV. O. W. HILL.

CONFESSING CHRIST.

Golden Text—"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. x: 32).

This lesson presents the concluding portion of the solemn charge of Jesus to his apostles, on the eve of their going forth "to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." While it is directly addressed to the apostles, it includes, in germ, instructions for all witnesses for Jesus to the end of time.

In the golden text, those who confess Christ are presented in strong light by contrast, in the following verse, with those who deny him. "The context," says Dean Alford, "shows plainly that it is a practical, consistent confession that is meant, and also a practical and enduring denial. The Lord will not confess the confessing Judas, nor deny the denying Peter; the traitor who denied him in act is denied; the apostle who confessed him even to death will be confessed." To confess him before men is the imperative duty of every believer, and the phrase "to confess Christ" is much preferable to the more common one, "to make a profession of religion."

There are persons who remain outside the visible Church because they feel unworthy to make such profession. To such, let it be said that the Scripture nowhere calls upon us to make a profession. It is confession of Christ that is required of us. It is an interesting fact that in every case where the English words "profess" and "profession" are used, in our version they are used for the Greek words which signify *confess* and *confession*, except in three cases, where the difference of meaning is significant, viz: Rom. i: 22, "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools"; 1 Tim. ii: 10, "Which becometh women professing godliness"; 1 Tim. iv: 20-21, "Avoiding profane and vain babblings and oppositions of science falsely so called, which some professing have erred concerning the faith."

Now, as neither of these passages call upon us to profess anything, and all the others are *confess* and not *profess*, we reaffirm the statement that neither the Master or any of the inspired writers asks us to make a profession. Common as the expression is, there is nothing in the Bible to warrant the use of such phraseology. A profession is a claim of character. To make a profession is to make declaration regarding ourselves. A conscientious Christian might shrink from making such a claim. But to confess Christ is to make a declaration regarding him. It is to acknowledge him as our living Lord and loving Redeemer. Such an acknowledgment does not put self forward, but Christ. We are to speak for him and leave him to speak for us. This he will do at the time when we, standing face to face with the realities of the eternal state, shall sorely need "an advocate with the Father." Against that hour we have his promise in this golden text: "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."

"Think not," he adds, "that I am come to send peace on earth. I came not to send peace, but a sword." "Prince of Peace," though he is, it is necessary for the enemies of peace to be conquered before the reign of peace begins. War is the means, peace the end to be gained. "For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." This is quoted quite literally from Micah vii: 6, and expands somewhat the idea of the preceding verse. Since the day that the faith of Abraham set him at variance against his father, the idolatrous Terah, a similar faith has set godly children against ungodly parents in every age. The ties of religion are stronger than those of kinship or of marriage. Truth is more authoritative than parents, and more sacred than filial love. Therefore, he said: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me." And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me." That word *cross* must have had a strange sound to ears trained under Judaism. The cross had no place in the Jewish system, and was thought of as a Roman mode of torture. The use of the word was prophetic of danger, and sufferings, which might have well filled with dismay men less devoted.

He next assures them that the sacrifice of life in his cause is ultimately not loss but gain to them. This is expressed in this striking paradox: "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." The principle here enunciated is of widest application in the realm of mind and matter, of nature and of grace. True gain comes only through loss. Hoarding is impoverishing. There is a dividing that is multiplying, and scattering that is saving; a giving that is getting. Not the arm that is carried in a sling, but that which swings the hammer, is blessed and becomes a blessing. Not the book that is shelved and unopened, but that which is "read to pieces," is of value to the user. Not money gained and hoarded, but that which is handled for beneficent uses, gives true pleasure and satisfaction. So, too, the mental faculties gain through

expenditure. It is not until we have said a thing that we are sure of it. By every fresh giving away of thought we are getting a new hold upon it. In our moral and spiritual natures the same principle prevails. The more affection we lavish the more we have remaining. Our enjoyment of the truths, duties and privileges in the Christian life depends on the use we make of them. Praying and trusting for others bring the fullest fruitage of prayer and faith for ourselves. "For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain. Seeds which sow in the garner, scatter, fill with gold the plain."

The lives of the apostles furnish the best illustration of the Master's words. If they had "saved" their lives they would have remained in obscurity. They gave them, and so made them of worth to themselves and to all future generations. There are those in every age who are followers of them as they were followers of Christ. Every patriot who is sacrificed through consecration to Christ and heroic fidelity to the public weal; every humble watchman who falls under a brutal blow while defending the peace of the city; every gentle nurse who burns out the lamp of her life to keep another from being extinguished; every heroic chaplain who drags the wounded from the line of fire, and who "cuts only to make alive where others have smitten to destroy"—the whole "army of the martyrs" in hospitals, in fields, far from home and among strangers, who "count not their lives dear unto themselves," that they might be joined unto the Lord in giving their lives for others—these are they who have saved their lives and shall be saved unto life eternal.

He that receives such, extending to them a friendly hospitality, receives Christ, in whose name they come, and whose work of beneficence they carry forward—or, to use the paraphrase of Dean Alford, "He who, by receiving a prophet because he is a prophet, or a holy man because he is a holy man, recognizes, enters into, these states as appointed by me, shall receive the blessedness of these states, shall derive all the spiritual benefits which these states bring with them, and share their everlasting reward."

In the last verse our Lord announces that the least service done to those who work in his cause is observed and rewarded of God. "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones [taking up, it may be, a little child in his arms as he said it] a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward." Small things, well-timed, and done from right motive, shall have a great value. The least service rendered to the least person in his kingdom, for his sake, shall be written down in the book of his remembrance, and brought to light at the last day.

Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

The seventh annual State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of California, which has just closed its sessions in Woodland, was one of the largest and most important gatherings of the kind ever held in California, and the institution is the embodiment of practical Christianity. Young men from all parts of the State, representing every evangelical denomination, were present, and the business-like way in which their work has been carried forward, and the great results achieved, has been a revelation to many people, even some who are identified with the institution. There are now thirty-two Associations in California, eleven of which are in colleges and other educational institutions. All the college Associations were represented at the Convention, and the reports showed that a hundred students were converted last year directly through the efforts of the college Associations; and in all the Associations of the State over a thousand young men had expressed a desire to begin the Christian life, many of whom are now identified with the various churches of California. We cannot conceive of a grander work than is being done by this important agency of the Church among the numberless thousands of unchurched young men in California. The marked growth in temporal and spiritual things in connection with the work is an evidence that it has the Master's approval, for certainly no religious organization of the nineteenth century has a stronger hold upon the country than the Young Men's Christian Association. Their broad spirit of catholicity, and definite work for the religious, social, intellectual and physical development of young men, and the great success which has attended their efforts in this direction, has made it a household word in every Christian home in our land, of whatever phase of evangelical faith. The report of the Convention in your paper last week gave your readers some idea of what has been accomplished during the past year. We bid these young men Godspeed in their noble mission, and predict for them this year a most prosperous year in all lines of their religious endeavor. The State Association voted to incorporate, and the following gentlemen were elected as Trustees for the first year: H. J. McCoy, San Francisco; J. G. Chown, San Francisco; R. V. Watt, San Francisco; D. E. Collins, Oakland; E. S. Field, Los Angeles; David Jacks, Monterey; Henry French, San Jose; George Quinn, San Bernardino; George Marston, San Diego; S. E. Holden, Napa City; G. M. Parker, Pasadena.

President Timothy Dwight of Yale University reports at the close of the first year of his administration, the receipt of \$300,000 in donations to the institution.

OBITUARY.

BLAKE.—Died, in this city, the 7th inst., Mrs. Charlotte Amanda, wife of Rev. C. M. Blake, aged 69 years 2 months and 7 days.

She was the oldest daughter of Daniel and Charlotte (Rogers) Farrington, Esq., of Brewer, Maine. Her maternal ancestors, Thomas and Joseph Rogers, grandson and great-grandson of the Rev. John Rogers, the martyr, came in 1620, in the *Mayflower*, and their numerous descendants have ever since looked back to Eastham, on Cape Cod, as their earliest American home. Mrs. Blake was converted in childhood. All her laborious life was comforted and encouraged by her hope in Christ. She was a pattern of daughter, maiden, wife, mother and grandmother. Quiet, modest, reserved, very affectionate to her friends, and full of good works, she enjoyed the approval of conscience, the love of her family, acquaintances, and the smiles of her Father in heaven. Her stricken family mourn for her, full of the cheering hope of immortality.

BORN.

CROSS.—In Saratoga, October 11th, to Rev. W. H. Cross and wife, a son.

The trial in this city of Robert Morrow for jury-bribing ended last Saturday night, with the disagreement of the jury, eleven being for conviction and one for acquittal. Mr. Morrow has been a stock broker, and is a large stockholder in street-car lines. He is said to be wealthy. He is charged with buying up jurymen in a trial for damages against the railroad company. At the trial, most prominent witnesses refused to testify for the reason that thus they would criminate themselves. Nevertheless, eleven jurymen were satisfied that these men were tools in the hands of Morrow, and so, with only very negative testimony, they found him guilty. The strong probability is that a second trial will bring out stronger testimony, and that this man will yet be found guilty. James McCord, who was associated with Morrow, is on trial this week. These trials, and others more successful in the same line, which are being held, give promise of more justice in our courts. There is no question but that bribery has been common and unblushing in this city. Let it be stamped out by the heavy heel of the law, faithfully and thoroughly administered, and great good will be done—a good that is imperatively demanded.

The death-rate of the world is computed about 67 a minute, 97,700 a day, and 35,639,835 a year; while the birth-rate is 79 a minute, 100,500 a day, and 36,792,000 a year.

Publishers' Department

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EXTENSION TABLES.

The California Furniture Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush street, have just received a vast assortment of extension tables in antique oak, mahogany and walnut. Many of them are extra size, and richly carved and polished.

The best medical writers claim that the successful remedy for nasal catarrh must be non-irritating, easy of application, and one that will, by its own action, reach all the remote sores and ulcerated surfaces. The history of the efforts to treat catarrh during the past few years obliges us to admit that only one remedy has completely met these conditions, and that is Ely's Cream Balm. This safe and pleasant remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has ever done, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact. The more distressing symptoms quickly yield to it.

"A Lady of the Old School" is the opening paper in the November number of the *S. P. R. H. T. The Richest Soil*, a history of this time devoted to an account of the adoption of the Constitution. Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in the sixth paper of his "French and English" series, considers "Variety in the Indulgence of Sense as a Result of Individuality." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Mrs. Charlotte Lisle of Chicago, well known to the Western press, ascribes the cure of a dangerous cough, accompanied by bleeding at the lungs, to Hale's Honey of Horsehound and Tar. "My cough," she says, "threatened to suffocate me," but this remedy has removed it.

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